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REJECTED.

I met a maiden years agone—
  A maiden most divinely fair,
With sunny eyes and face that shone,
  Love-lighted, to dispel my care.

We walk'd, we talk'd, each smil'd on each,
  Soft voices softer words would say,
And fancies that transcended speech
  Fast whil'd the bright-wing'd hours away.

To rest beneath the trees was sweet,
  What time the summer sun was low,
And there, reclining at her feet,
  To watch her blushes come and go.

At length I ask'd her, would she deign
  Accept the heart that clung to hers,
And she said, smiling at my pain,
  "The fancy of a boy oft errs."

And so she stole my heart away,
  She stole it and she keeps it yet;
Though youth and passion must decay,
  Time can not force us to forget.

I blame her not—I love her still;
  And though I mourn our parted lives,
And pity her less constant will,
  'Tis something that my love survives.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Phot. by Bell Bros., Washington.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON.

This residence was purchased from General Grant by Mr. A. T. Stewart and others, who presented it to General Sherman, with a purse of $35,000. It was originally presented to General Grant, who, in view of his removal to the White House, proposed to sell it. An offer was made for it, but this offer was not finally accepted, and thus those who desired to purchase it for General Sherman found an opportunity to carry out their design. The subscribers paid General Grant $65,000 for the house. It was a delicate tribute to General Sherman's patriotic devotion to his country, and it was well deserved. In the brief and characteristic remarks made by General Sherman in accepting the gift, he said that he would be glad to receive at any time as his guests those who had thus contributed to his own happiness. These tributes, coming from the most wealthy and patriotic of our citizens, have sprung from motives as pure and as noble as the qualities which called them forth.

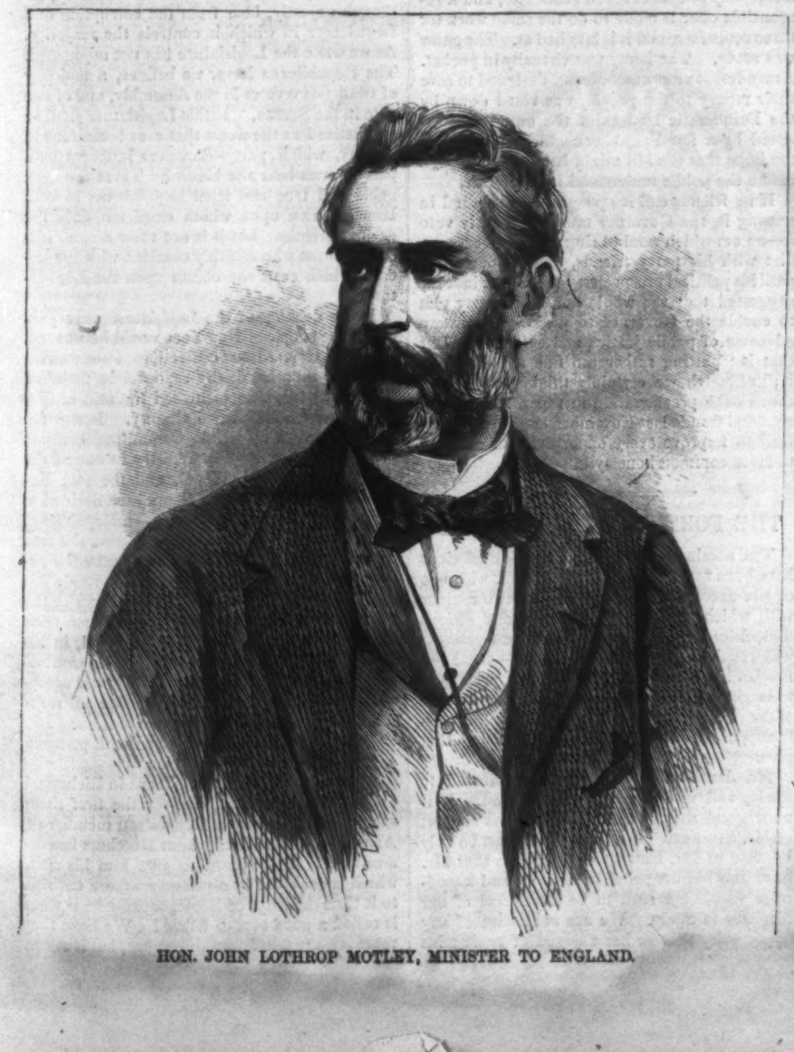
HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

John Lothrop Motley, the newly-appointed Minister to England, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15, 1814. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, after which he passed a number of years in Europe, partly in travel and partly as a student at the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin. He returned to the United States and devoted himself to the legal profession. He soon abandoned this profession, and during the next twenty years his attention was chiefly directed toward literary pursuits. A novel entitled "Morton's Hope" was published by him in 1839, and a second, "Merry Mount," appeared ten years later. During this interval Mr. Motley revisited Europe for a few months as Secretary of Legation to the Russian Embassy, and contributed a number of historical papers to leading American periodicals. In 1851 he once more returned to Europe in search of material for a work which he had long contemplated, and which, on its appearance in 1856, at once placed the author in the first rank of modern historians —"The Rise of the Dutch Republic." He received in 1860 the degrees of D.C.L. from Oxford, and LL.D. from Harvard, and in the same year a part of his sequel to "The Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," etc., was issued, the concluding volumes following in 1865. He was appointed Minister to Austria in November, 1861, which position he occupied until 1867, when, on the occasion of the memorable M'Cracken scandal, he tendered his resignation in the famous reply to Mr. Seward's remarkable diplomatic circular. Since his return to this country he has taken no active part in public affairs beyond making an elaborate and effective address advocating General Grant's election.

HON. JOHN JAY.

John Jay, just appointed Minister to Austria, is of Huguenot descent, his ancestors having come to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His family has occupied a prominent and honorable position from the beginning of our history. His grandfather, John Jay, was President of the First Congress, and was Minister from this country to England, and also to Spain. He was one of the Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace.

John Jay's father was Judge William Jay, who was a prominent leader in the constitutional anti-slavery movement. John, the subject of our sketch, was born in 1817, and was graduated at Columbia College in 1836. He studied law with Daniel Lord—Mr. Evarts, the late Attorney-General, being one of his fellow-students. He was engaged upon many very important cases, in one of which the leading opposing counsel was Daniel Webster. He twice presided over the New York State Convention of the Free-Soil party. Mr. Jay has twice visited Europe, the first time in 1848, on which occasion he passed some months in England, where he was cordially received by a large and influential circle; and again in 1865



HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

HON. JOHN JAY, MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.—[Phot. by Sarony & Co., New York.]

and 1866, when he presided at a Thanksgiving dinner at the Grand Hotel, Paris—the first reunion of Americans subsequent to the war. During this tour Mr. Jay was elected President of the Union League Club, an office to which he has three distinct times been re-elected. Apart from his professional and public career Mr. Jay has nobly maintained the traditional reputation of his distinguished family by the publication of numerous literary productions, which have been devoted to the discussion of questions of public interest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 1, 1869.

Mr. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. SUMNER'S speech upon the English treaty is a very forcible statement of the whole subject, and the sternest arraignment of England. It is the more effective that it is evidently the speech of a true friend of that country and of peace, made in the calmest and least rhetorical tone. The speech is a comprehensive and not diffuse survey of the position and conduct of England throughout the war, and can hardly fail to excite the profound attention of the most thoughtful Englishmen.

Belligerency, says Mr. Sumner, according to Canning's rule, is a fact, not a principle. The recognition of rebel belligerency upon the sea, where the insurgents had no ship and no port, and upon the land, where they had only showed a rebellious disposition, was virtually to create the Confederacy as a belligerent, and to place it upon precisely the footing of a friendly Power. It opened all the warlike resources of England to the rebels, equally with the United States, at a time when, by international law, it was incumbent upon England to prevent her soil from being used as an arsenal to equip assaults upon foreign governments. To attempt to justify this conduct because of the use of the word blockade in President Lincoln's proclamation is a technical evasion which is not sustained by fact, and if it were is wholly inadmissible. To declare neutrality was, under the circumstances, to proclaim equality between the United States Government and the rebellion.

Then came the building of the pirate ships, and Lord Russell himself admits that the escape of the *Alabama* was a "scandal and reproach." Her departure was the sailing of a hostile expedition from England against this country. It was not a commercial transaction; it was an act of war. This act was continuous, and renewed by the entertainment of the pirate in English ports. Mr. Sumner's description of the British origin and support of these ships, and the applause with which the House of Commons received the anti-American taunts of Mr. Laird, the builder of the *Alabama*, is very striking and powerful. This conduct was aggravated by the hot haste with which England placed herself at the commercial disposal of the rebels, and by the flagrant departure which it involved from the anti-slavery policy of England officially declared. In the words of John Bright, England hurried to "give aid and comfort to the foulest of crimes."

But when, despite the efforts of England, the rebellion succumbed, without one friendly word, without a syllable of regret, England quietly proposes to submit the question of liability to a tribunal in which chance plays its part. This, and this only. In the case of the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake*, when the United States were a small Power, Canning offered to make reparation for any alleged injury to the sovereignty of the United States. He disavowed the act: he offered to restore the *statu quo* as far as practicable, and to make pecuniary compensation. In the case of the *Caroline* Lord Ashburton expressed the regrets of his Government, making atonement to the national sovereignty which had been outraged. In the present case there is an unprecedented injury to the national sovereignty—a vast private, and an almost incalculable public loss; and England offers to leave the private claims to a chance tribunal. Now the private loss is a small part of the whole. The national loss includes the reduction of our tonnage, the whole paralysis of our mercantile marine in all its ramifications and relations, and the prolongation of the war. For this chief and vital and moral injury England not only offers no method of reparation, but the treaty does not even allude to it. Mr. Sumner concludes by the declaration that the question should not be left open, for it may involve war with a nation with whom he would have "more than peace; more even than concord."

It will be seen that the Senator does not propose the articles or even the conditions of a treaty. His speech states the light in which the question should be viewed, and the principles that should control its settlement. The injury done by England to the United States is both material and moral; it involves both individual and national loss. "No nation ever before received such injury from a foreign Power," says Mr. Sumner; and he implies, although he does not say, that the reparation must be as exceptional. There must be an acknowledgment by England of her regret at the unfriendly error she committed, and a proffer of readiness to pay both individual and national damages; the former to be determined by fair appraisal, the latter by a mutual agreement of the extent of responsibility. This last understanding, which is very vague, is still, in Mr. Sumner's view, the important one. But how to determine whether England shall, in satisfaction of the national loss, assume the expenses of one or two years of the war, is a very perplexing question.

We must think, as we have always believed, that this kind of moral injury between nations is hardly susceptible of a pecuniary settlement. But intelligent Englishmen must now surely see that, without a generous expression of regret at the enormous and unfriendly act which England directed against this country when the war began, no treaty for damages and no pleasant international feeling is possible. If, as we have thought, a real surrender was made by England in the dry, formal terms of the treaty, it is now evident by the vote of all parties in the Senate, and by the virtually unanimous expression of national feeling, that the implied or inferential acknowledgment is not sufficient. There must be a frank, full, generous confession, such as one truly honorable man would make to another. Without this, in some form, there can be no treaty; and the precedent which England has established may suddenly turn and rend her. That fear, indeed, would merely move the proud scorn of an Englishman if the precedent were just. But it was a precedent unfriendly, unjust, untenable in international law, and therefore to be openly and generously renounced.

But should this be done by England the moral account seems to us to be as fairly closed as when one honorable man apologizes to another. The aggrieved person does not insist further upon pecuniary reparation for his injured honor. He asks only in addition that computable losses may be satisfied. When, therefore, England shall have made the expression of regret which Mr. Sumner demands, there will remain only the question of damages for actual and proved losses. If, however, the London *Times* speaks as truly the sentiment of England as Mr. Sumner that of the United States, there will be no present settlement.

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY.

Twenty-one States have ratified the Equal Suffrage amendment—the Democratic party every where opposing. Now in party warfare, as in all other, there is a conduct which wins the respect of the foe, as there is one which moves his contempt. Four or five years ago equal suffrage was defeated in Connecticut by a majority of seven thousand. Last spring the Democrats elected their Governor by nearly two thousand majority, and three Members of Congress. In the autumn the Republicans carried the State for Grant. This spring, when, according to the Democrats, equal suffrage was the issue, the Republicans elect their Governor and gain two Members of Congress, beating the Democracy in their strongest holds; and because the majority for Governor is smaller than that for President, the papers of which we speak deride the meagre and dismal majority! The Democratic party are more signally defeated in the State than they have been for many a year, and instead of frankly acknowledging the fact, and seeing that it is futile to fight upon an issue settled and settled again, one of their organs feebly peeps that it isn't much of a shower, and another gravely declares that it is the natural consequence of not sticking to Wade Hampton's platform of last July!

The one great truth of our recent political history is, that the Republican and Democratic parties were opposed upon the issue of slavery. The Republicans won at the polls and upon the field of battle, and again and again and again at the polls. They have emancipated the slaves. They have given them civil rights. They have given them political rights. At each step they have appealed to the country, and have been supported. They have been intrusted with the government for four more years. Their new administration begins by the plain declaration that equal rights shall be every where protected and the laws every where enforced, and by the urgent recommendation that the amendment to the Constitution be adopted, which finally closes even the agitation of the question; and still the Democratic party piteously asks its absurd question, as a conclusive political argument, "Do you wish your daughter to marry a nigger?"

It perceives that there is a prejudice in the country against color, but it is unable to see that the country has learned the mortal peril of indulging that prejudice. Instead, therefore, of accepting the facts, however much it may deplore them—instead of joining issue as to the better method of securing an equality which is inevitable, the Democratic party ridicules the negro, and argues against him, and denounces him, and belies him, and all as if there were really a hope of reducing him again to some kind of vassalage. The whole Democratic force is expended in this business, and in sneering at the President. The party papers have nothing to say but that every thing is wrong, nothing to propose but that every thing be undone.

As usual, the Democratic party hopes for reinvigoration not from fair debate of great policies, but from the readmission to political privilege of those who repudiate the American principle of the equality of all citizens. But that will not be enough. The prejudice against color when it was a bulwark of the system of which the Democratic party was the defense was incalculably useful; but with the fall of the system the appeal to the prejudice is pointless. There is no insight, no heroism in the Democratic leadership. The party is but a disorderly camp of the disaffected and disappointed. It must find some newer ground than hostility to equal rights, or relinquish the hope of success, unless the conduct of the Republican party, where it has a majority, as in the Legislature of New York, shall persuade the country that there is really no choice between the parties. But even in such instances as the Legislature of which we speak, it is the duty of all good citizens to remark that it is the combination of a few Republicans only with the Democrats that does the mischief.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETO.

The extraordinary Broadway Railroad bill, of which we spoke last week, and which gives the control of the chief streets in the city of New York to a few persons named or their assigns, has been apparently defeated by the prospect of a veto from the Governor. The bill for a railroad in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street having been presented to the Governor he returned it to the Senate with a decisive message. The motion to lay the veto upon the table was carried by a vote of 16 to 11. The next day the Broadway bill came up for a third reading, and it was tabled by its friends, who did not dare to bring it to a decision. And let it be observed by those who think that both parties are equally interested in such schemes, that the 13 nays were all Republicans, and the 18 ayes were all Democrats except four, Messrs. Humphrey, Mattoon, Van Petten, and Williams. We hope that Governor Hoffman will have an opportunity to veto this bill also. We should be glad to see a Democratic Governor defying the Democratic ring of the city of New York.

The principle of the veto is very distinctly stated by the Governor, and it is perfectly sound and of universal application. "In my judgment," he says, speaking of the Sixth and Eighth Avenue railroads, "the Legislature had no more right in morals to give away these privileges and deprive the tax-payers of the city of their just rights in respect to them, than they had to impose a direct tax of the same pecuniary extent for the benefit of the persons named in the bill." Nothing could be truer. Here is a franchise for which two millions of dollars have been offered, and they are spurned. Indeed, the very offer only revealed to the men bought with the stock—if any such there were—the real value of their bribe. Here is a bill which authorizes a company to collect seven cents fare, and a responsible offer is made to do the same work for three cents fare, and it is laughed at. The game was made. The booty was virtually in pocket. Amendment after amendment, designed to save their money to the people, was voted down by the Democratic leaders of the enterprise, assisted by a few Republican allies; and it was the hope that the bill might be pushed through before the public understood its character.

If its friends call it up again and succeed in passing it, the Governor must necessarily veto it—an act which would bring him in direct conflict with his party friends, and seriously imperil his political prospects. It has been, indeed, suggested that the whole affair is a party plot to enable the Governor to pose as an austere advocate of public justice and economy. But that is "putting rather too fine a point upon it;" although we certainly think that the author of the proclamation in regard to the city electoral frauds last November ought very carefully to improve every opportunity of seeming to favor common honesty in politics.

THE FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

The nominations to the chief foreign missions have been received with general favor, with one or two exceptions. There are but two nations with which we are likely to have any serious difficulties or questions of which the treatment will require ability and experience—these are England and Spain. Mr. Motley, who goes to England, takes with him the entire confidence of the country, which, we presume, has generally supposed that he would be appointed to that post.

Mr. Henry S. Sanford is nominated to Spain, and will probably be confirmed. It is understood that Mr. Sanford has the support of Mr. Sumner. If that be so, it must be only because of Mr. Sumner's conviction that Mr. Sanford has the peculiar sagacity and knowledge which are sure to be demanded of our Minister in Spain. We are not aware of any opportunity that he has enjoyed of testing his capacity for delicate diplomatic negotiation; but upon such a point the Senate will probably trust the judgment of so wise and experienced a man as Senator Sumner. If he is convinced from his personal acquaintance with Mr. Sanford, and his official knowledge of Mr. Sanford's diplomatic ability, that he is equal to the Spanish Mission under the present circumstances, the Senate will undoubtedly listen with great deference. But we hope sincerely that the Senators will reflect that it is in no sense a personal affair, and that the position at this time demands the highest capacity.

Mr. John Jay goes to Austria, the first important official recognition, we believe, of his long and spotless and faithful advocacy of the principles which at last control the Government. This is one of the appointments which is instinctively and universally approved. Ex-Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania is appointed to Russia. Governor Curtin's name is familiar to the country as one of the War-Governors, but there is not a very clear knowledge of his powers. He was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but the great States generally have a candidate, and he was urged for a place in the Cabinet. His appointment to Russia is generally felt, we should say, to be a proper one, for the War-Governors are very gratefully remembered.

Mr. Bancroft will undoubtedly remain for the present in Prussia, and Mr. Marsh in Italy. They are both most accomplished and efficient Ministers, and such as the country ought to regard with the utmost satisfaction. Indeed, it is pleasant to reflect that, whatever objection may be urged in some instances, the foreign representatives of the United States, as a body, are most heartily in sympathy with the principles of the Government and the spirit of the people. They are no longer the lackeys of slavery and the apologists of rebellion. They are no longer afraid to assert that they believe in the great truths of the Declaration of Independence with which we parted from Europe; and they need no longer blush, if they are honorable men, under scorching taunts at a slave-holding republic of equal rights. A man has only to recall our foreign representatives of a very few years ago to perceive that nothing can more truly reveal to Europe the immense and beneficial change which the war has wrought in this country than the character and views of the chief men who now officially represent the United States in Europe.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE AT THE LEGISLATURE.

It is with indignation as well as regret that the friends of public decency and order, who have earnestly supported the principles and worked for the success of the dominant party in the country and in this State, observe the conduct of some who still claim to belong to that party, yet who connive at such enormities as the Railroad bill in the State Legislature, of which we speak elsewhere. No party can afford to have such friends. No party can survive the reputation which it must infallibly, although unjustly, bear from the corruption of a Legislature in which it controls the majority. As we write the Legislature has not adjourned. The Republicans have, we believe, a majority of twenty-two votes in the Assembly, and of one vote in the Senate. If this Legislature shall be stigmatized as the worst that ever assembled in Albany, which party—however innocent as a party—must bear the blame? There are most noble and true and tried Republicans in both Houses—men upon whom suspicion does not dare to breathe; but it is not their action, it is that of those who selfishly combine with the enemy, which casts the odium upon the Legislature.

If the debates of the Legislature were published the people of New York would be amazed. Thus the Committee on Elections, after waiting for three months, finally reported in favor of Mr. Hawkins, who contested the seat of Mr. Decker from Richmond County. It was the first case taken up by the Committee, and was plain throughout. The registry in one of the districts was clearly illegal, and the four Republican members of the Committee decided to throw it out, and the chairman—a Republican, Mr. Hegeman—so reported, and gave the seat to Mr. Hawkins. A Democratic minority report was offered that Mr. Decker retain his seat. Now we learn that the chairman of the Committee, Mr. Hegeman, a Republican from Dutchess, said, or very plainly implied, in his speech, supposed to be in favor of his own report, that Mr. Decker was an extremely agreeable person, and that it seemed, after all, rather hard to unseat him at the end of the session, especially as he was not charged with personal complicity in the fraud!

That is to say, the Republicans in Richmond County having at last, and for the first time, succeeded in electing a Republican member of Assembly, a Republican from Dutchess insinuates that it is very hard to give him his seat, which is occupied by a person no more entitled to it than the Pope of Rome, because he is what is called a good sort of fellow! We hope that there is some mistake in this report, but it comes

to us from the best authority. And it is certain that, when it was moved to substitute the minority for the majority report, Messrs. Bemus, Calkins, Crane, W. H. Stuart, D. Stewart, and Truman, all Republicans, are mentioned in the *Tribune* as voting in favor of the motion; while Messrs. Allaban, Barse, Berry, Randall, and Weed, also Republicans, according to the same authority, dodged. The motion to substitute was lost. But when a motion was made to postpone for a week the consideration of the report it was carried by the aid of nine Republican votes.

The reasons of such votes are not to be sought in doubts of the testimony, but in log-rolling, in the tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you policy, in the fear of members that if they vote to support the report they will alienate votes necessary for their own measures. We are yet to see whether a Republican Assembly will deprive a member of the seat to which his claim has been established, and in favor of whom the Committee has reported. If it does so, we remind our friends elsewhere that it is not because of the action of the party, but of a few persons in it. The great body of the Republicans voted against postponement and against the substitution of the minority report. They will vote, if the opportunity is offered, to give Mr. Hawkins his seat; but if he loses it, either by a few votes or by adjournment, it will still be a Republican Legislature that deprives a Republican of the seat to which his lawful claim has been established to the satisfaction of the Committee of Investigation.

SENATOR SPRAGUE AS CRITIC.

The most extraordinary political episode of the moment is the oratory of Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island. After several years of silence he has suddenly, and it may be said loudly, begun to speak so that the whole country hears. He began by lamenting the general decay of virtue in the country, and by especially denouncing the Senate as composed of lawyers, and therefore a very dangerous and despotic body. This was followed by the statement of a financial theory which proposes that the Government shall furnish capital to the needy; and in remarking upon the power of capital Mr. Sprague, as an illustration, held up to national scorn and derision what he was pleased to call "a great family" in Rhode Island, which, at the beginning of the war, had made to him, as the representative of another great family, the most odious business proposition. He further illustrated his illustration by decrying the conduct of the rich young men who were in the first regiment sent from Rhode Island to the war, and especially in denouncing the imbecility and cowardice of General Burnside, its commander.

To this extraordinary oration, which occupied some hours in the delivery, and in which he depicted with fond elaboration the enormities of the "great family," Mr. Sprague's colleague, Senator Anthony, replied in a speech which certainly showed that the "great family" was not destitute of patriotism, and that the criticisms of Mr. Sprague upon the conduct of the first Rhode Island regiment were singularly inharmonious with historical facts. Senator Sprague says that General Burnside deserted his regiment at the first battle of Bull Run and "sought safety in safe places," an assertion which is fully answered by the smile it kindles. To call Burnside a coward is like calling Grant a knave.

The Senator continues:

"With blanched face I was begged by the commander, who was stupefied by the million dollars, to go to the rear and surrender the troops, as he would not have them cut up. Twice, Sir, was I thus solicited. Did I spurn with contempt or not the miserable and cowardly proposition? Sir, we were disgraced."

Now at this time Mr. Sprague was Governor of Rhode Island. In the next month the Legislature of the State commended in the warmest terms the bravery and skill of Burnside, and suggested that he be made General and placed in command of all the Rhode Island troops. Governor Sprague, exactly a month from the day on which he now says that Burnside made to him miserable and cowardly and disgraceful propositions, wrote to Burnside as follows:

"The people of Rhode Island will long remember your services to them and to our common country. No man, I believe, in the history of the State has, in so short a time, more firmly entwined himself around the hearts of our people than yourself. I take this opportunity to tender you my sincere thanks for the cordial and patriotic spirit which has actuated you in all our intercourse since the commencement of the war."

In his message at the opening of the next session of the Legislature, in 1862, Governor Sprague speaks of the victory of Roanoke as due to nothing but Heaven and "the energy of Burnside," and alludes to his "personal intercourse with that brave and gallant man." It is plain enough that the friends of General Burnside may safely leave Senator Sprague to the demolishing blows of Governor Sprague.

Of course, for the public attack upon private and respected merchants there can be no excuse. To the Senator's detailed statement that they made base business propositions—a statement made in the Senate of the United States upon his personal authority, and heard throughout the country—the members of the House oppose a complete denial; and if it is to be viewed as a question of personal veracity, Senator Sprague can hardly expect that his assertion will prevail against that of the gentlemen whom he accuses. In his denunciation of capital Senator Sprague should remember what nobody else forgets, that his own political career is believed to have illustrated both its power and its unscrupulousness. It is certainly the received tradition—which may indeed be untrue—that the Senator buys voters like sheep, and has bought his way into every position that he has held. A man who makes such mad onslaughts upon the character of other men invites criticism of his own. Does Senator Sprague mean seriously to challenge such a contest?

THE CARRYING TRADE.

"New York.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Dear Sir,—I recently observed an editorial on Exports and Imports, in which you regret that the latter exceed the former in value. That a similar state of affairs may be profitable for Great Britain you are ready to grant, but add that our experience is the reverse of the experience of that country.

"Wherein? Principally, you state, because we are not carriers, and lose the transportation as well as the most of the bankers' profits incident to the traffic between different countries.

"Will you allow me to doubt the soundness of your conclusion? And as you may have little confidence in the argument of an unknown writer, I will quote from the article on Exchange, last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' vol. ix., p. 436:

"'It is of little importance, so far as the interests of commerce are concerned, whether a nation carries its own imports and exports or employs others. A carrying nation appears to derive a comparatively large profit from its commercial transactions. But this excess of profit is seldom more than a fair remuneration for the capital it employs and the risk it incurs in transporting commodities.'

"Again:

"'In the United States the value of the imports, deduced from the custom-house returns, always exceeds the value of the exports. And, though we have been accustomed to consider the excess of exports over imports as the only true criterion of an advantageous commerce, the practical politicians of America early discovered [Pitkin on the Commerce of the United States is here referred to] that the real gain of the United States has been nearly in proportion as their imports have exceeded their exports.'

"I presume that you are ready to grant that previous to the late war this *discovery* of the practical politicians of this country embodies a true statement of the results of our foreign commerce, although in such flat contradiction to that bugbear and myth—the balance of trade against us—which one sees so often in the newspapers. If true previous to the war, can it be false now? We are shipping bonds abroad in large quantities, it is true, but do we get nothing for them? We get what we *prefer* to the bonds, else the exchange would not go on. We are simply borrowing money at a certain rate per cent., and the vital question is, Can we afford to pay the rate (with the present discount on our securities in London over seven per cent.)? It is very well to say, Keep the bonds at home, and pay the interest to our own people; but how is this to be done if the money which the bonds will bring is worth more to us than the bonds themselves? And if it was not worth more, of course the exchange would cease. The wealth of a nation is the wealth of its individuals; are they not, as a whole, capable of taking care of it? It may be answered that in exchange for our bonds we get too many silks and laces, too much wine and other commodities adding comparatively nothing to our wealth. But they add to our comfort and desire for living in more taste or more luxury. Take away this desire, and you remove the mainspring of exertion, the *very cause* which drives this country onward in its creation of wealth and power with such tremendous momentum.

"If it were possible to produce every article of taste and luxury, as well as every other of utility and need, within our own limits, would it be wise? Keep our bonds, produce every thing we want, export our cotton, tobacco, and cereals, and import only gold. China has done precisely this for two thousand years, and is just learning better.

"Yours, etc., C. P. M."

The criticism of C. P. M. upon what we expressed with respect to the danger of a constant excess of our imports over our exports, after being mislaid, now appears, and we readily publish it, as it presents views which many entertain.

The theory which our correspondent adopts, that there is no danger in this excess, and that it is of no consequence whether we are the carriers or employ others, comes from a suspicious source. They are the doctrines of Great Britain, which strains every nerve to be the carriers of others, and to produce at every foreign port that very excess. Her theory and her practice differ very widely, and the latter will be more generally followed.

The loss of our carrying trade, which was one of the consequences of her unfriendly policy during the war, is seriously felt in every commercial port. The rejection of the treaty lately arranged in England for the settlement of the Alabama claims is due to the profound conviction widely entertained that the damage extended far beyond the value of vessels and cargoes destroyed on the ocean, and rose to the magnitude of a nearly irreparable injury. Why did England seek to destroy this trade and to absorb it for herself? Her profits are largely augmented by being the chief carrier. The policy contributes to her strength upon the ocean and to her internal strength. The tax she now imposes upon our agricultural products, in the shape of advanced freights, is felt in all our markets, and indeed in our whole industry. Do those who shape the policy of England act upon the theory that "It is of little importance, so far as the interests of commerce are concerned, whether a nation carries its own imports and exports or employs others?" We submit that they do not, and that her aim has been for ages to be mistress upon the sea.

But reducing it to the mere economical question, is not the inference just that the capital and industry employed in the carrying trade meet with a fair reward, and that it is material to every enterprising nation to engage in it? If the profit upon this trade is paid to our own ships are we not so much the better off than if it were paid to foreign people? The policy which would induce us to forego this profit on the ground that it "is only a fair remuneration for the capital" "and the risk" would apply with equal force to other industries, and turn them all over to Great Britain.

So far as concerns the danger resulting from an adverse balance of trade the country has had some bitter experience which can not easily be forgotten. The panic of 1837, and of 1857, would not have occurred but for the export of gold and silver abroad to pay the accumulated balance of debt due to foreigners. The substratum of our paper currency having been too largely expelled from the country the structure could not stand. But yet there were evidences of such apparent prosperity during the particular years of the excess of imports over exports that many were misled, and perhaps never knew what it was that produced their misfortune. Our correspondent concedes that we are now selling bonds actively in Europe. We are now incurring a debt abroad the proportions of which are known to be immense.

What are the concomitants of this imprudence? From this port our exports for the month of March, exclusive of nearly two millions and a half of specie sent abroad, amount to only about twelve and a half millions of dollars at *currency* value; while our imports for the same month, at a gold value, amount to nearly thirty-five millions. At Boston the excess was in the same direction, very nearly five millions to one. We are very probably exporting from Southern ports more than we import; but when we arrive at the total of exports and imports for the year a large balance will be found against us notwithstanding the great price paid for our cotton, and that a large demand will exist for our agricultural productions.

The ability of the country to sell its bonds freely to foreigners is due to the abundance of money in the markets of Europe—which abundance is caused in part by the sole use of paper money throughout the United States in our ordinary transactions, and the want of activity in business at this particular juncture abroad. Under other circumstances it would be difficult, if not impossible, to run so heavily into debt; and the question should be maturely weighed whether we derive any solid and permanent advantage from these large imports, and in what this policy is to terminate.

These imports are not of a character to aid the country in returning to specie payments. On the contrary, they hinder and obstruct this object. The time will come when we shall feel severely the obligation to pay in gold fifty millions of dollars for interest moneys to the foreign holders of our public debt. Much of it is for the unusual and serious extravagance indulged in since the war—a weakness which waits for disaster to check it.

As long as the credit of our bonds is maintained—and we trust this will ever be—no such panic as that of 1837, or the weaker one of 1857, can occur, inasmuch as the currency of the country is not based upon gold, and can not be discredited or deprived of its debt-paying quality among our own citizens—so far, at least, as concerns ordinary debts incurred among ourselves since the Legal-tender act; but serious injury to individuals and to the country must arise from the fatal facility with which debts are incurred in gratifying "the taste and luxury" which, in the view of our correspondent, constitute the *very cause* of the tremendous momentum with which we drive onward in the creation of wealth and power.

NOTES.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Du Chaillu has been induced to deliver lectures to the young folks of New York in Steinway Hall. His lectures are appointed for April 23, 27, and 29, at four o'clock p.m. His remarkable success in Boston, Brooklyn, and other cities, in this course of lectures, and his brilliant reputation as an author, ought to secure him multitudes of youthful hearers.

The *Western Bookseller* is a monthly publication of the general form and appearance of the *Publisher's Circular*, which gives current literary intelligence, with notes and notices of new books. It aims "to give book-buyers honest aid in the selection of purchases," and will, we hope, be found as faithful in that respect as it is useful and attractive. It is issued by the Western News Company in Chicago.

THE FUTURE.

A figure wanders through my dreams
  And wears a veil upon its face,
Still bending to my breast it seems,
  Yet ever turns from my embrace.
And sometimes, passing from my sight,
  It lifts the veil as it departs,
And eyes flash out with such a light
  As never dawned on waking hearts.

There is no need of sound or speech
  Or toiling through the troubled years;
The rapture of that smile can teach
  More than a century of tears.
And this I know, if it could move
  Out of my dreams into my days,
One service of unbroken love
  Should fill and crown my life with praise.

Love with no doubts and no demands,
  But generous as a southern June—
Vast brotherhood of hearts and hands,
  Choir of a world in perfect tune—
No shallow sunset-films to gild
  Far summits which we dare not climb,
But ceaseless charms of hope fulfilled,
  Making a miracle of time.

How sure, how calm, the picture seems!
  How near it comes, beheld, possessed!
It is not only in my dreams
  I feel that touch upon my breast.
It thrills me through the barren day,
  It holds me in the heart of strife,
No phantom-grasp that melts away,
  It seems—it is—the touch of Life!

We look into the heart of flowers
  And wonder whence their bloom can rise;
The secret hope of human hours
  Is hidden deeper from our eyes.
In helpless tracts of wind and rain
  The work goes on without a sound;
And while you weep your weak "In vain,"
  The flower is growing underground.

We know the lesson; but a cry,
  Bitter and vast, is in our ears;
One life of fruitless misery
  Shakes all our wisdom into tears.
Thronged by the clamorous griefs that say,
  "Behold what *is*, forget what seems,"
I can but answer, "Welladay;
  There *is* that figure in my dreams."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXECUTIVE SESSION OF THE SENATE.

The session of the Senate, which begun on the 12th of April, has been occupied in the consideration of treaties and in the confirmation of the President's new nominations. On the first day of the session four naturalization treaties were ratified: one with Baden, a second with Wurtemburg, a third with Hesse, and a fourth with Belgium. These were all drawn up on the basis of the treaty established with the North German Confederation.

The President sent in the following nominations: J. Lothrop Motley for Minister to England; J. Russell Jones to Belgium; John S. Carlisle to Sweden; J. R. Clay (colored) to Liberia; Stephen A. Hurlbut to Bogota; Silas A. Hudson (colored) to Guatemala; Ebenezer D. Bassett (colored) to Hayti; Andrew G. Curtin to Russia, and John Jay to Austria.

On the 13th, the *Alabama* Claims treaty was rejected in the Senate by 54 votes. The only vote in its favor was that of M'Creery, of Kentucky. The following additional nominations were sent in by the President: Thomas H. Wilson as Minister to Mexico; Henry T. Sanford to Spain; William A. Pile to Brazil; and William A. Howard to China, in place of John Ross Browne.—The Naturalization Treaty with Great Britain was ratified by the Senate.

On the 17th, the President nominated A. T. Torbert Minister to San Salvador, and A. L. Russell to Ecuador. Both were Generals in the Army of the Potomac.—The Senate confirmed the nomination of C. C. Crowe to be Governor of New Mexico, also that of Edward M. M'Cook to be Governor of Colorado.

NEWS ITEMS.

The M'Ardle case came up before the Supreme Court, April 12. The appeal was dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

General Ely Parker, the Indian officer who served through the war, and until recently on the staff of General Grant, has been nominated as Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Dr. Benjamin Ayer, a member of the Georgia Legislature, was found on Friday morning lying dead by the road-side, near Louisville, Georgia. He had been shot between the eyes.

Sweden and Norway sent 18,000 emigrants to this country last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

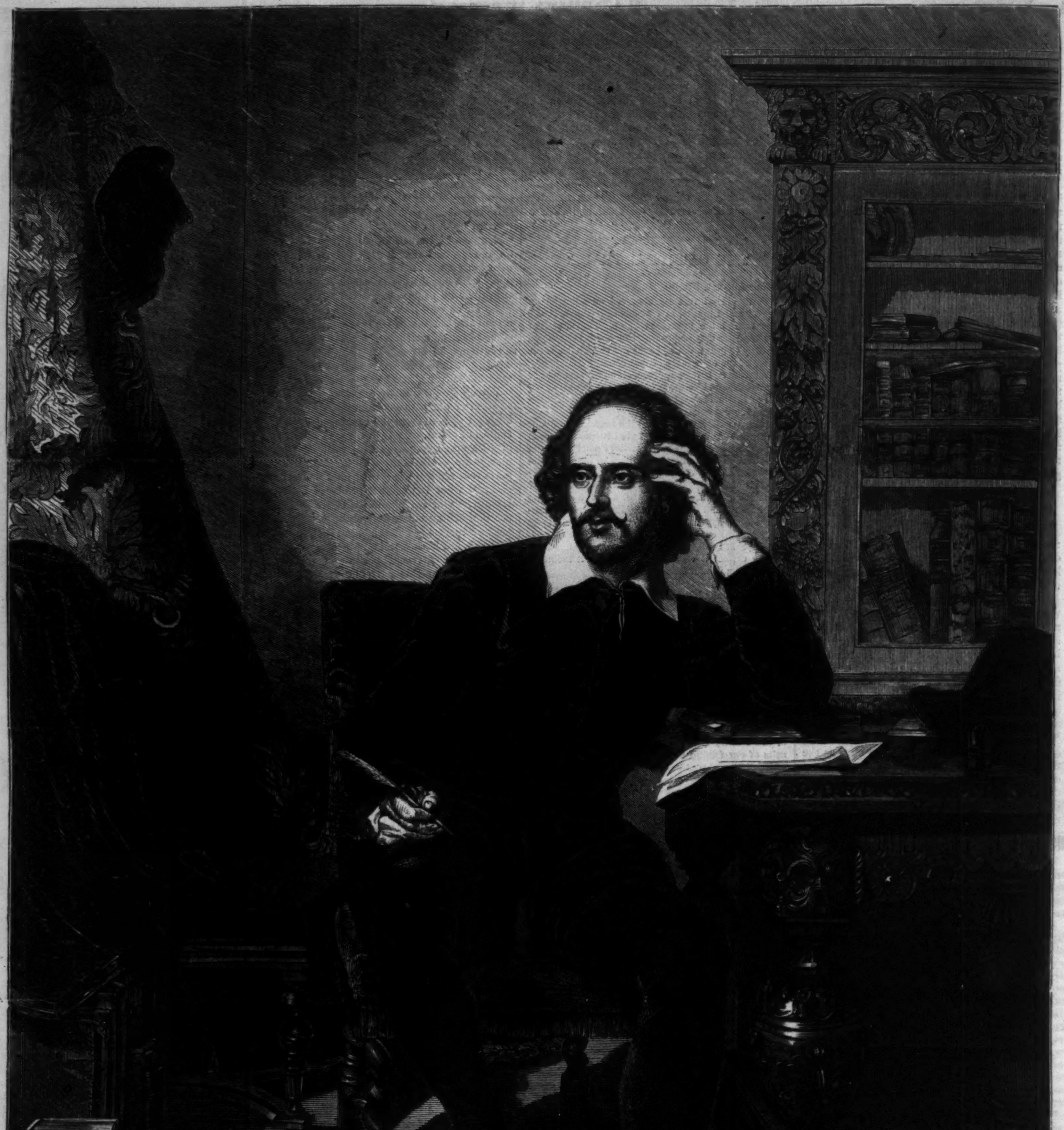
In the British House of Commons, on April 17, the debate on the Irish Church bill was resumed. Mr. Disraeli moved to omit the clause declaring that the union of the Churches of England and Ireland should cease January 1, 1871. The amendment failed, Mr. Gladstone securing a majority against it of 123.

In the French Corps Legislatif, M. Thiers denounced "the commercial liberty of France as, like the political liberties of the French people, a farce."

The Catalonia Volunteers from Spain have arrived in Cuba.

The elections in Hungary and Croatia have resulted largely in favor of the Deak party, which will have a majority of one hundred members in the new Diet.

All the old soldiers of the Republic and First Empire are to have their pensions augmented, by order of the French Emperor, in commemoration of the centenary of the First Napoleon's birthday, which will occur on the 15th August next.



PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPEARE.

The revival of Shakspeare's plays, so splendidly inaugurated by Edwin Booth in his new theatre, as also the late Tercentenary Festival of 1864, have done much to intensify the interest which always exists in regard to the greatest dramatist of all time. Criticism, photography, and paleography have recently been strained to the utmost degree in order to bring before us the poet, his words, and the circumstances of his life.

There are few portraits of Shakspeare extant that have respectable claims to genuineness. Among these we may enumerate the Stratford bust; Droeshout's print from the folio of 1623; a portrait from an edition of the Sonnets, published in 1640, which is evidently copied from the Droeshout print; one which is said to have been painted by Cornelius Jansen; and the Chandos portrait, which can be traced back to the possession of Davenant (born 1605, died 1688), who is said to have claimed to have been a natural son of Shakspeare. The last mentioned has the most authoritative claim to genuineness, and is the one after which the portrait which we lay before our readers on this page was painted.

The first folio had a portrait of Shakspeare which must have been a fair likeness, since Ben Jonson, a familiar friend of the poet, wrote by the side of it these lines:

This Figure, that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O could he but have drawne his Wit
As well in Brasse as he hath hit
His Face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in Brasse;
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

ST. HELENA.—[See Page 278.]

THE MATE OF THE "ARETHUSA."

A more gallant ship than the *Arethusa* never sailed over the waters of the ocean. Swift, steady, and quick to obey her helm, she was the pride of her sailors and envy of other seamen.

As she sailed out of port on her last voyage to Hong Kong there was a little knot of people on her quarter-deck, who stood looking back in silence to the slowly fading shores. One was an elderly man, of mild and benevolent face, who seemed much more fitted to be a city missionary than any thing else. He was the captain. Near him was another of about the same age, short, thick-set, with an irascible face and abrupt manner. A young girl of extreme beauty leaned upon his arm. Her name was Helen Travers, and this was her father, a rich China merchant, who was taking her from boarding-school to his own far-distant home. As lovely as the dawn, amiable, and accomplished, her charms would have made her a prize for any man, but they were heightened by her being the sole and declared heiress to the vast wealth of Mr. Travers. Such seemed to be the impression of a man of important air who stood at her elbow. This personage gave himself out as the Hon. Eugene Beresford, a traveler to China for the benefit of his health. He was the only one who spoke, and his conversation was addressed solely to the lovely Helen Travers.

The last who composed the group was Talbot, the mate of the ship. He was a man of small size, but muscular frame. His face was dark, and his eyes intensely black and piercing. His age did not seem to be over twenty-one, and his energy and skill marked him out as the real ruler of the vessel.

The shore faded out from view, and the first day of the voyage was succeeded by others. They passed beyond the Bay of Biscay, and beyond the Azores. They sailed within sight of Saint Helena, whose stern cliffs tower on high like the walls of a huge fortress; and at length, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, they passed into the Indian Ocean.

Long before this the characters of all on board had been plainly exhibited.

The Hon. Eugene Beresford devoted himself unremittingly to the fair young heiress. In fine weather he was her constant attendant, and sought in every possible way to create a favorable impression. This he sought to do by telling her of the marvelous exploits in which he had been an actor, by land and sea, in different parts of the world. He had been in the wilds of America, through the pampas of South America, over the steppes of Asia; and in almost every clime and zone he had performed deeds of valor and heroism. Tales like these, narrated with the impressive air and deep voice of Beresford, exalted him greatly in the mind of the inexperienced young girl.

Yet Beresford had a rival. In his haughty self-complacency he at first ignored the rivalry altogether, but at length he could not help noticing it. The young mate in his own way was no less assiduous than himself in his attentions. He it was who in sunshine arranged awnings and seats for Miss Travers. He it was whose hand was ever ready to assist her over the treacherous decks; and, worse than all, he it was who monopolized the fair lady in stormy days, when the Hon. Eugene Beresford was forced to lock himself up and groan in his state-room.

The young mate had a handsome face and a musical voice. He could tell Miss Travers all the secrets of the sea, of perils on the deep, and dangers on a rocky shore. He could sing songs of love, and roving adventure, and death, and victory. Songs can often express what the tongue would not dare to utter in words, and so it needed but little penetration for Miss Travers to see that Talbot was overcome by a passionate love for her that bordered on idolatry. In spite of their difference in rank she was not shocked at the discovery. The young mate had intelligence beyond his station, and gentle manners that would have graced the highest in the land. She was flattered by her conquest, and gratified by the devotion of so pure and simple a nature as his.

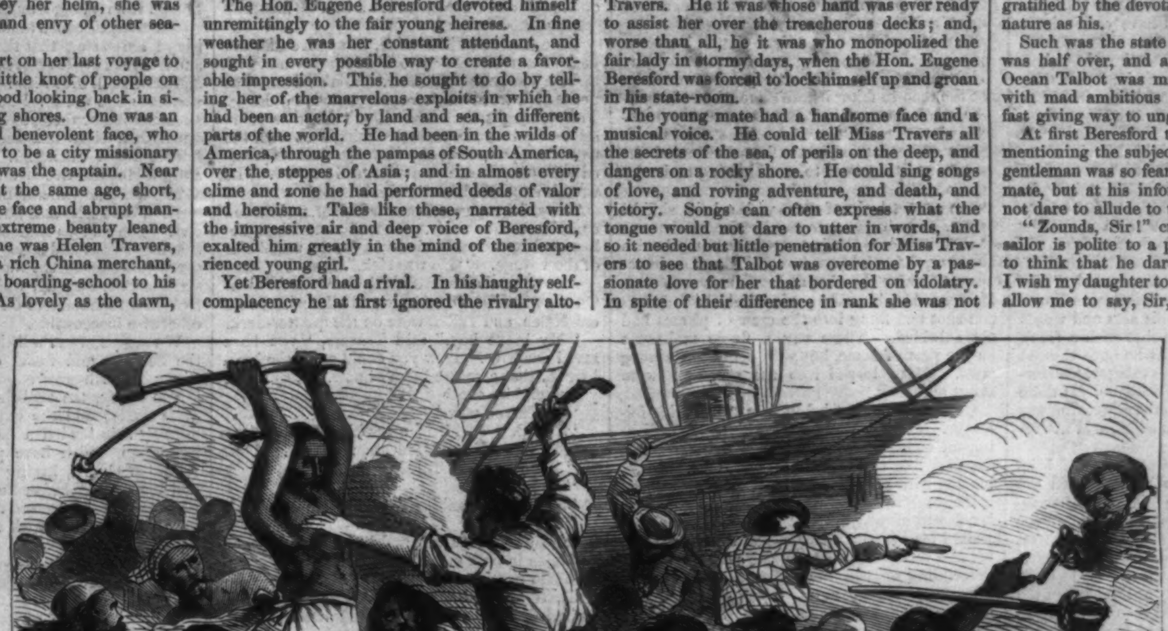
Such was the state of affairs before the voyage was half over, and as they entered the Indian Ocean Talbot was manifestly feeding his heart with mad ambitious hopes, and Beresford was fast giving way to ungovernable jealousy.

At first Beresford tried to cut off his rival by mentioning the subject to Mr. Travers. The old gentleman was so fearfully indignant—not at the mate, but at his informant—that the latter did not dare to allude to the subject again.

"Zounds, Sir!" cried he; "because a bold sailor is polite to a pretty girl, do you pretend to think that he dares to hope to marry her! I wish my daughter to receive attention, Sir; and allow me to say, Sir, that you show very little courtesy to interfere in this way. Mr. Talbot knows his duty to his passengers, and his place on board this vessel."

Mr. Beresford being thus balked, resolved on another course. He began a systematic persecution of the mate, and carried it out to a degree that was maddening. The mate endured it all patiently, contenting himself with reminding him that, as it was an officer's duty to make the ship pleasant to passengers, he was unable to resent his conduct. Emboldened by this forbearance, which he mistook for cowardice, Beresford grew worse and worse, and at length set no bounds to his insults. Impertinences of every kind, coarse jests at his expense, sneers, ridicule, and taunts of the most cruel and cutting nature, not only in public, but also in private, were showered upon the head of Mr. Talbot. The latter, in spite of his patience, showed how deeply he was stung; but his regard for the rules of the ship and the comfort of his passengers effectually kept him from any exhibition of anger.

Miss Travers looked with surprise at such



"ON! MY LADS!" CRIED TALBOT. "SWEEP THE DEVILS INTO THE SEA."

scenes as these. She despised Beresford for his treatment of the unoffending man, but she despised no less what seemed to be the craven spirit of Talbot. She herself would have turned in fury to resist one tithe of the wrongs which he endured so meekly. Nor did she understand how any one who called himself a man could bear such treatment. Her delicacy prevented her from making any allusion to the subject; yet she showed less cordiality in receiving the polite attentions of Talbot. She even evinced greater pleasure for Beresford's society, in the secret hope that this might spur the other's latent manhood.

In vain, however. Talbot grew sad, and respectfully withdrew his attentions. The change brought melancholy to her also, for she had learned to take pleasure in the society of the mate, and felt its absence to be a loss.

Once at the table Beresford addressed a remark to Talbot of more than usual severity.

Miss Travers rose.

"For shame!" said she. "If Mr. Talbot has not the spirit to resent this, I will not countenance it by my presence. These scenes are painful to me, and I will witness them no more." She turned to go.

Talbot sprang to his feet. His face was pale, and his eyes blazed with excitement.

"I am no coward; I entreat you to stay, Miss Travers. I am bound by a solemn promise not to raise my hand against any one on shipboard. But if you give the word I will break all vows, and this very moment I will hurl this puppy overboard."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Travers, who had been bursting with rage and contempt for Talbot's pusillanimity. "Bravo! I say, Nell, for God's sake give the fellow the word, and let him pay off old scores."

"No, no, gentlemen, no violence!" said Miss Travers, resuming her seat. "But I hope, at least, that you will see the propriety of transferring these scenes elsewhere."

"Throw me overboard! ha, ha!" cried Beresford. "It's fortunate for me that you made that promise. Pray, to whom did you make it?"

"To my dying mother," said Talbot, with deep solemnity.

"Your mother!" sneered Beresford. "Poor dear woman! Was she in the washing line of business?"

"Come outside!" cried Talbot, in stern, commanding tones. "Come—at once." And Beresford obeyed mechanically.

"Now, Sir," said Talbot, when they had reached the deck, "this must be stopped. The moment that we reach port you and I will wash out our account in blood! Meanwhile, if you utter another word of this kind I will put you in irons, and take the consequences. Remember, I am master here, and you are in my power."

Beresford turned without a word and re-entered the cabin. He related there what had occurred.

"He'll do it," said the captain. "He's a wonderful determined man, is Talbot. Don't vex him, Sir—"

"You'd better stop, Beresford, or you'll get into trouble," said Travers, coolly. "If you make the man desperate he'll have you in irons in a jiffy, and run the risk."

The result was that Beresford thought it best to stop the more violent part of his persecution, and confine himself solely to hints. But Mr. Talbot kept out of the way as much as possible, and sat at the table no more.

"He's a rank coward," said Mr. Travers, "that's clear—an in-fernal coward."

But Helen Travers thought differently. In his eyes that were so quick to blaze forth at every insult she saw other signs than fear; and in his strong command over his feelings that restrained them so effectually she saw the proof of a mighty soul. Now her thoughts turned to him constantly; and while she no longer saw him near her she remembered all his acts and words of devotion. Was it possible that such a frank and joyous and brave spirit as he once showed himself to be could be the base thing which Beresford asserted? A thousand times no. If there were cowardice it belonged to the other, who was so ready to persecute the man who would not resist.

Thus the days and weeks passed on. Miss Travers kept more to herself, and passed the time in reading and in thought. From her favorite station on the quarter-deck she could see Talbot among the men, who obeyed his slightest nod, and sprang to their duties at every sound of his clear voice. The captain seemed to be fit for nothing but sitting amiably at the head of the cabin table. Talbot was every thing—the life and soul of the ship. He would have been captain himself, it was said, had not his superior officer been a relative of the owner of the *Arethusa*.

At last a day occurred which proved to be a memorable and eventful one in the lives of all the passengers.

They were approaching the Straits of Sunda, a place which at that time was dreaded by all navigators in these seas as the favorite lurking-place of a great Malay pirate, Tomawa.

Some hints to this effect were dropped among the passengers, with the request that they should not on any account say any thing to Miss Travers about it, since it would alarm her.

To the surprise of all Beresford mentioned this very thing to Miss Travers the next time they met. His only motive seemed to be a desire to glorify himself, since he made use of the fact of the danger before them to promise what he personally would do when the dreaded pirate made his appearance.

That very day the ship was becalmed, and Miss Travers, on coming out to the quarter-deck about mid-day, noticed the captain and mate anxiously looking out over the sea. There was a strange sail there. It was a Malay proa!

"What a singular ship!" said she to Talbot. "Is it a Chinese junk?"

"No," said Talbot. "It is a Malay."

"A Malay! Is it the pirate?" said she, turning pale.

"I hope not," said Talbot, earnestly.

"For my part," said Beresford, in an ardent tone, "I hope it may be, since it will give me a chance to show what I can do for you."

Talbot turned away abruptly, and again examined the vessel through his spy-glass. He whispered a few hurried words to the captain; the latter nodded, and he hurried forward.

The *Arethusa* had a crew of about forty men, and two small guns. She had also a supply of arms for the men in case of attack. Miss Travers saw preparations going on forward which seemed to promise a fight. The idea terrified her. She shuddered at the thought of strife and blood.

The Malay proa was moving steadily toward them, forced on by long sweeps which the crew were working. The men of the *Arethusa* saw all this, and at the command of Talbot they prepared the two guns, loaded their muskets and pistols, and strapped on their swords. About as grim a front as may well be conceived was presented by those forty stalwart seamen as they awaited the pirates. The preparations were at length complete, and Talbot walked aft.

"We're about ready," said he to the captain.

"All right," said the latter. "You'll manage them better than I. I'll take my sword and follow after you as I can, my boy. I'm too old and too stupid to lead those brave fellows."

"I'm after you, if you'll take me as a volunteer," said old Travers, who had buckled on a sword and held a pistol in each hand.

Talbot smiled.

Beresford stood aloof, pretending not to take any notice of this.

"Had not Miss Travers better go below?" said Talbot to her father.

"Yes, certainly—certainly. Helen, you must go down. Don't be frightened, dear."

Beresford assisted her down into the cabin. Talbot then busied himself among the men. And now in a short time the Malay proa had come up close. Her decks were crowded. About a hundred and fifty villainous looking scoundrels were gathered there. A hoarse voice in broken English summoned them to surrender.

"Fire!" cried the mate, in a voice of thunder.

Two explosions followed. A wild shriek arose among the Malays. The cannon, loaded with grape, had made fearful havoc among the Malay crowd. Then followed a discharge of small-er arms. Soon after the cannon, which had been loaded again, were once more fired with the same effect. A panic seized the Malays. They stopped rowing. The proa swung a little to one side, and presented her entire length to the crew of the *Arethusa*.

In the midst of their panic they were not idle. They fired into the *Arethusa*, but their firing was wild, and but few shots took effect. At last the proa, as it swung around, struck against the *Arethusa*. Talbot was prepared. Grappling-irons were flung down. With a shout to his men he leaped on board, and the gallant fellows swarmed after him.

The odds were against them, but it is always so when the Saxon fights with the Asiatic. What matters it? Race tells; and these were not the men to falter before a crowd of Malays.

With Talbot at their head they flung themselves into the dense crowd. Well armed with pistols and cutlasses, they first discharged the former, and then went to work hewing their way forward.

A compact body of men, with a bold, skillful leader, they inspired terror by the suddenness of their attack. Having at the outset gained a headway, they could not be checked. The impetus with which they began bore them on. The Malays fell back. The panic which the first cannon-shot had flung into the crew of pirates had not subsided. There was a fierce resistance on the part of some, but wild confusion among most. Many leaped into the sea, and swam about aimlessly.

One huge Malay tried in vain to rally his followers. Several fought around him. Brandishing an enormous axe he struck right and left, his face like the face of a fiend, and his eyes blazing with savage rage.

Through the midst of a struggling crowd Talbot forced his way toward this man. The Malay waited his approach, and then with a yell swung his axe forward. Talbot dextrously evaded the descending weapon, and before the Malay could raise it, grasped it in his left hand, while with his right he struck the pirate a tremendous blow between his eyes with the butt of his pistol. The Malay fell down to the deck stunned.

"On! my lads!" cried Talbot. "Sweep the devils into the sea!"

With a resistless rush the men flung themselves forward. The few Malays who were resisting fell back disheartened. Some threw themselves at the feet of the sailors and begged for life; others, in despair, leaped into the sea, choosing rather to drown than be captured.

In about an hour from the beginning of the fight the proa lay silent by the side of the *Arethusa*, with thirty Malays as captives, and among them their chief, the terrible pirate Tomawa. Talbot had captured this one with his own hand.

The captain had fought well in that fierce conflict, and had a wound on his hand from a Malay creese to show. Travers had fought by his side, and had a cut on his left cheek, of which he was inexpressibly proud. Six of the seamen had been killed, ten wounded; but they had gained the victory, and captured the greatest pirate of the Eastern seas.

Where was Beresford?

Where?

That was the question. The captain and Travers looked gloomily at one another. The seamen spoke darkly about pitching him overboard. Talbot said not a word. The noise of the fight had now died out. They were talking together on the quarter-deck. Suddenly Miss Travers came rushing up, her face pale, her breathing quick and hurried. She flung herself into her father's arms and overwhelmed him with caresses. Then she looked around, and saw from the bloody decks of the proa and the wounded and dead how fierce had been the conflict.

But the pallor of her face was suddenly overspread with a flush, and her eyes kindled.

"That wretch!" she cried; "that base coward! to skulk away and leave you to fight for him!"

"Where is he?" asked Travers.

"In his room."

"In his room?"

"Yes. I told him to go up and fight, but he swore he would stay with me to defend me. I told him to defend me by going up on deck and fighting. He said he would only lay down his life at my feet. I called him a coward, and reproached him for letting my aged father fight. At this the noise of the fight arose; he turned pale, and muttering a few words went into his room."

There was a long silence.

"He's the most infernal coward that ever lived!" cried Travers at last. "So infernal a coward that he isn't worth tarring and feathering. Why, he isn't worth pitching overboard!"

Talbot said nothing. His face preserved its usual equanimity. He was one of so lofty a soul that, since this man had proved so base, he sank beneath his resentment. His eyes met those of Helen Travers. The glance which they exchanged spoke volumes. He turned away and went off to his men.

"There goes the man who has saved us all!" cried Travers. "The noblest fellow that ever stepped!"

Helen's eyes glistened. As they stood there Beresford suddenly came up. He looked all around with a startled face. Then, trying to affect an easy and jaunty manner, he advanced toward Mr. Travers and Helen.

"Why, there's been quite a fight, after all," said he. "These cowards of Malays! But they don't amount to much. I'm infernally sorry I wasn't able to have a shy at them; but the fact is, just as I went into my room to get my pistols—revolvers, by-the-way, first-rate ones—just as I went in I—by Jove!—I was seized with an epileptic attack, to which all the Beresfords are subject, and—"

"Captain," said Travers, interrupting him, "what do sailors generally do with skulkers and sneaks?"

"Well, they generally duck 'em, keel-haul 'em, or something of that sort," said the captain, in a loud voice.

All the sailors were glaring wrathfully at Beresford. They overheard the captain's words.

"Keel-haul him! ay, ay—that's it! Keel-haul the coward!" roared a score of deep, wrathful voices.

Talbot heard it and started. He saw the sailors' looks, and understood it all in a moment.

He rushed forward.

"No, my lads!" he cried, in a voice like the peal of a trumpet; "none of that—none of that! You're brave fellows. You've done what none of our ships have succeeded in doing. You've caught Tomawa. Don't disgrace yourselves, my brave boys, by touching even with the end of a rope a thing like *that*—" And he pointed with unutterable contempt to Beresford. The wretch was as pale as death.

The sailors gave a cheer for Talbot, and turned contemptuously away. Beresford skulked below, and scarcely left his room for the remainder of the voyage. "He was sick," he said.

At length they approached their destination. On the following day they would all land. Travers, Helen, and Talbot were on the quarter-deck.

"My brave boy," said Travers, "you have saved our lives. How you could stand the insolence of that creature I don't know. Why didn't you pitch him overboard?"

"I told you why."

"I wish I could do something to show my esteem for you," said Travers, musingly.

"You can," said Talbot.

"How?"

"Give me something."

"What?"

"This," said Talbot, and he caught the hand of Helen in both of his. Helen's head dropped. She said nothing.

Travers looked thunder-struck. "The devil!" he cried, and stood silent and overwhelmed. "By Heaven!" he continued, "my brave lad, I'll be hanged if I don't do it. I couldn't do better. Egad, she's yours, for you saved her! Haven't you got a hand to spare for me, my boy?" And he held out his hand. Talbot seized it, and twined his other arm around Helen's waist. Her head fell upon his shoulder and rested there.

"But I'm not the mate of the *Arethusa*," said Talbot, with a smile. "I'm an impostor. You don't know to whom you're giving your daughter."

"By Jove! yes, I do! I'm giving her to the bravest boy that ever lived."

"Did you ever happen to hear of a fellow called the Hon. George Talbot, who spent a fortune on the ring?"

Travers looked at him in bewilderment.

"I'm that person," said Talbot. "I was a spendthrift, and after my ruin returned to see my dying mother. She implored me to reform—exacted from me a solemn promise not to gamble or bet for a year, and under no provocation to strike a man for that time. I gave it. I tried to reform. I went to sea. As I was always a good yachtsman, I had no difficulty in becoming mate of the *Arethusa*.

"This fellow who insulted me is some nobody, or he would have recognized me. I could not knock him down on account of my promise to my mother. It's up now. He's too much of a coward to fight me, but I hope to have the pleasure of kicking him out of the ship."

"Hon. George Talbot!" cried Travers. "By Heaven, Sir, I don't know but I'd rather have you as the mate of the *Arethusa*, and plain Mr."

"You can't go back from your word, at any rate," said Talbot; "and you may 'mister' me to the end of my days."

"Whoever you are," said Travers, wringing his hand, "you're every inch a *man*, and the bravest lad that ever stepped. So take her, my boy, and a father's blessing."

On landing Talbot did not have the pleasure of kicking Beresford. The latter managed to skulk ashore unnoticed.

He turned out to be a certain John Peters, who had come out to be clerk in a merchant's office. Talbot did not think it was worth his while to hunt him out.

Talbot was married a few days after landing, took his bride and stopped for a few weeks at the Governor's residence, and then went back home in the *Pylades*, leaving the *Arethusa* to sail home with a new mate.

A DAY AT ST. HELENA.

St. Helena is a scowl upon the face of nature. Its rocky walls rise sheer and bare to a great height out of the sea, as if the necessity for a prison in human economy had been foreseen and provided for before man came into being. The great cannon, which now bristle from various little shelves cut into the rock, look as thoroughly indigenous to the place as if they too had been cast up, ready-made, when the interior fires reached their angriest point, and gave birth to the island.

Hawthorne makes a "Note" that a light-house would be a charming place for a young couple to spend the first year of their married life in; methinks a little green island would be better still—a bit of land safely walled about with water, having its own peculiar quota of sunshine and rain, sufficient unto itself. But to desire St. Helena for a possession would be like coveting a penitentiary or the Tower of London.

It was first settled in Cromwell's time, and has ever since been a sort of house of call for ships on the Indian voyage. American ships stop there on the way home, but only when a long passage has exhausted fresh provisions.

Our good ship had been tossed and buffeted by a hundred days of bitter weather since leaving Calcutta, when the chart showed our close proximity to St. Helena. I dreaded lest we might pass it in the night without knowing it, and grew despairingly skeptical as to the science which could hit so small a point in the howling waste of waters. When I looked out of my window next morning my eyes seemed actually to knock against the wall of rock which replaced the distant horizon—as a baby, when it is first conscious of seeing something, puts out a hand to touch it, though it be a long way off.

These walls, which almost wholly surround the island, are so steep that they defy the lightest foot and steadiest eye to scale them. They are seamed and scarred all over with long experience of rough weather since their volcanic birth, and dull red streaks discolor them, as if the lightning that ran down their sides had been photographed there forever for a memorial. We asked for land, and St. Helena gave us a stone.

The little settlement, Jamestown, is nestled in a rift of the rocks that lies open to the sea at one end. The famous Ladder Hill towers up on one side so straight and steep that the easiest way of overcoming its ascent was by building flights of stairs all the way up, which, seen from the sea, look like rope-ladders on the wall of a fortress otherwise inaccessible.

We stepped from a little boat on dry stones at the landing, and found ourselves in the main street. The houses seemed to be rapidly falling to decay, the timbers and door-posts being mere shells; and the explanation is that some unlucky ship landed a number of white ants in her cargo, which have proved worse than an Egyptian plague, having multiplied enormously and devoured all before them. An old man with long white hair came to meet us, and invited us into his house, of which the white ants had left but one story habitable. Our host proved to be the ex-consul, Mr. C——; he received the office under President Jackson, and had held it off and on for more than thirty years.

"Now," said he, with tears in his eyes, "they have turned out their old servant like a dog, and without so much as a thank you." It was not the pay that made it valuable to him—oh no! and on this string he harped continually while we remained with him. It was vain to remind him that a democracy, like Sydney Smith's corporation, has neither a conscience to touch nor a body to kick, and therefore politeness is not to be expected from it; but the iron of republican ingratitude had entered his soul. I could not help a little private wonder why he desired the consulate so ardently if there were no money to be made out of it; for in a place so terribly expensive as St. Helena, and, in fact, all other islands, the sense of honor is found in the pocket. A happy question made him open warmly on Napoleon. "I was here when that great man was brought here—when he went to Longwood from my father's house, which had been hired for him—when he was buried with the highest military honors—when he was exhumed and carried to France; and I assure you, ladies, that when I saw him after death, if I had not been certain of the fact, I should have said he had only fallen asleep."

Our Jason here ruthlessly broke the thread of his recollections by reminding him that St. Helena was a dépôt for coal and butter as well as the empty cage of a dead hero.

We went to Longwood in a light American buggy. The road was a very easy one for the most part, cut into the hill-side overlooking the town, and appeared to be much traveled. Rising on the other side of the valley is the highest elevation on the island; it is called High Knoll, and has a battery on its summit.

The last view of the valley, as the road makes a sharp turn, can not surely be surpassed in the world. No view can be perfect without sea and land together; and on this perfect day, with the horizon lost in a mellow haze, the sea mirrored the sky so entirely that one could not tell where they met; the white tips of foam and the flecks of cloud seemed one and the same—now in the sky and now in the sea, till one doubted whether the island itself were a real rock, or only a gray cloud on which we were floating in space.

The house at Longwood is of one story, small, and, if one does not look at it from a point of too great contrast, it is comfortable; such a house as a mechanic in America might hope to build for his old age from moderate earnings. The visitor enters from a simple latticed piazza, from which Napoleon may have often watched the sunset, a room of very moderate size, with boarded sides, painted a bright green, as it was in his time. If it did not please his eyes it certainly would not injure them. This was the drawing-room, and, like all the rest, it is perfectly clean and empty of furnishing.

This room opens into the one that witnessed his death; and on the spot where his bed stood is a marble bust of life-size sculptured from his dead face; and it is said his features were never so beautiful as when settled in their last rest after the "fitful fever" of his life.

The house at Longwood contains a few more small rooms—the bedroom where Napoleon slept, a writing-room where he dictated the "Memorial from St. Helena," dining and billiard rooms; and in these confined quarters his few faithful friends kept up, so far as they were able, the etiquette of the Tuileries.

No more painful account of an agony long drawn out was ever written than the Journal kept minutely by Las Casas of the life of the Emperor, from 1815, when he landed on the island, till Las Casas fell under suspicion of the Governor and was removed from Longwood. It is but a commentary on the one significant sentence that now hangs on the wall of the bedroom: "If this room could tell the torments which were here endured, what a tremendous agony it would have to disclose!" "There is but one comfort left us," said Napoleon, when the fast narrowing bars of his prison left no hope of escape—"the eyes of the universe are upon us." This was true French consolation, but it kept him alive six years only.

In 1855, when Bayard Taylor visited it, the house had fallen almost to ruin by neglect; the room where Napoleon died was a granary, and in the bedroom horses and cows were stabled. Since 1858, when the place passed into possession of the French, it has been restored to its former state, and placed under the care of a sergeant, who followed us silently from room to room, merely mentioning the name of each as we entered it.

The body of Napoleon was placed in a tomb about two miles from the house, near a favorite spring. We had to leave the carriage and walk a long way on the edge of a steep ravine. Happily the wind blew the right way, for the cruel, gray depth below us had not a shrub or a projecting pebble to cling to if one lost his footing.

The tomb, like the house, has undergone much change; a small space of ground is inclosed by an iron ailing, and bordered with cypresses, which always look as if they had been intended by nature for a funereal use. A large oblong tablet without inscription, and covered with the remains of flowers thrown upon it, marks the spot which held the Emperor's body for twenty years.

The sergeant watched us narrowly; but I was so anxious for a token of my pilgrimage that I secured the smallest possible twig of the willow-tree that droops over the tomb. Stealing is never reputable unless successful, and I was not a little crest-fallen when the sergeant demanded a surrender of my prize at the gate. An English shilling bought it again, however; and this little bargain leads me to think that the sergeant at the tomb must have had English blood in his veins.

There were two willow-trees originally, but one of them has died of its wounds at the hands of travelers.

The return drive seemed to have shortened by half the way. Here and there a few drops of clear water, falling from a crack in the rock, showed a spring not far off, and Mr. C—— said there were two hundred and forty of these springs in the island.

In the valley it was warm as July ought to be, but on the hills it was piercingly cold. Small country houses are scattered about the island, where the better class of people live in the hot months; but at the time of our visit they were all empty, as it was what, for form's sake, they called winter. The mountain road was very lonely, and we were much amused, on the descent of the last hill, to see a fat, barefooted negro wench, who had tied her baby round her waist, so that its hands and feet hung out; and with these it beat a lively tattoo on its mother's fat sides, while her principal burden was an enormous bundle of sticks which she balanced on her head.

Jamestown is built in a long, straggling valley, not more than 150 yards at its widest, between rocks almost perpendicular. It is as if a race of pigmies should build their small city in that rocky avenue called the "Flume," in the White Mountains.

The main street is nearly straight, and leads past the barracks, the ghostly burial-grounds (which boast about three grave-stones apiece), a few houses of the better class, and ends with a place called "The Briars"—a sort of summer pavilion (built on what in any other spot would be called a high rock)—which was the home of Napoleon from his arrival till Longwood could be prepared for him.

There seemed no such thing as driving in the town; we met one man on horseback, and his steed was the only one besides our own that we saw during the day; but there were plenty of donkeys, small, gray, stubbed creatures, the same the world over; these carried the heavier burdens, and the rest go up the hills on the heads of women—and such women! They are very straight from the practice I have mentioned; but, aside from this, I have never seen more miserable specimens of womanhood than the mixed breed of St. Helena; stunted, flat-breasted, haggard, I think it would be impossible to match them for ugliness. The pure blacks, who seem to be held inferior to these worst of half-castes, are a positive relief to the eyes, in the happy and healthy development of all their animal powers, which seems to be a negro's birth-right.

We discovered a nice little shop, which might have been the "store" of a country village in New England for the variety of goods that it contained; we did a little shopping, for the luxury of the thing, after total deprivation for three months on shipboard, but the prices were all multiplied by the distance from the main land. The poorest hotel accommodation costs eight dollars a day.

The street was full of the lowest order of humanity, and, on the whole, I should think the donkeys and the pure blacks were the most respectable part of the native inhabitants of St. Helena. A great number of slavers, captured on the African coast, have been, and still are, carried to the island; the vessels are broken up and form a large part of the wood used there, and the slaves receive a daily allowance of food at Government expense till they are shipped to the West Indies. At the time of our visit a thousand of these half wild and wholly wretched creatures were waiting for shipment.

Late in the afternoon, with "more last words" of sympathy to the venerable ex-consul on republican injustice, we walked slowly down to our little boat, bumping impatiently against the stepping-stones.

A few steady pulls at the oars carry us outside a projecting wall of rock, which hides the town till one is close upon it. The sea has taken all sorts of liberties with this wall, and carved it into as many fantastic shapes as one would find on an old cathedral wall.

Several feet above the usual sea level a large circular hole has been worn through the rock, and through this window, as the sun sank into the sea in splendors of red and gold, we cast a last long look at Jamestown, lying deep and lonely in its valley:

"Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkled like a grain of salt."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The last Report of the Department of Agriculture contains, among numerous interesting statistics, some valuable suggestions and facts relative to the cultivation of the sugar-beet. An immense sum is every year paid for foreign sugars, and it is believed that under an improved system of agriculture this country might supply the home demand for this necessary article of diet, and also have a surplus to export. Various investigations are being made, and experiments are in progress, which, when completed, will show with considerable accuracy what success may be expected in the culture of the sugar-beet in this country. A belt of the United States seven degrees wide, lying between the parallels 36 and 43, is considered favorable, as regards temperature, for this industrial art. The growing of the beet requires rotation. In France, where it has been cultivated with great success, an ordinary rotation is: 1. Barley or wheat; 2. Beets; 3. Oats. The product of beets per acre is from fourteen to fifteen tons in France and Belgium, and occasionally enormous crops are reported. A ton of beets yields about one hundred pounds of raw sugar. The beet-cake, or the residue after the pressure, is very valuable as a food for cattle, being both nutritious and agreeable. The beets may be cut into small pieces, dried by artificial heat, and sold in that state to manufacturers, the sugar being extracted then by infusion. The Agricultural Report gives a detailed account of what is now known in regard to the cultivation of this vegetable in this and other countries; and also of the European processes of manufacturing the sugar. Some factories are now in operation in the United States; and when the success of this business upon our soil is fully demonstrated many will be ready to engage in it.

It is proposed to erect a new hospital for the treatment of diseases of the eye and ear in the upper part of the city. The number afflicted with diseases of these organs is exceedingly large, and it is desirable that ample provision be made for their relief. A number of prominent philanthropic gentlemen of this city have combined to take immediate steps to raise a permanent fund for the building of a suitable hospital. The proposed site is on the corner of Forty-first Street and Fourth Avenue.

Parisian ladies have a dreadful reputation! If they have a disagreeable, ill-tempered husband, who comes home intoxicated and full of abuses, they do not throw the tea-pot at his head, but patiently endure his insults and blows until the next morning, when they give him coffee and arsenic for breakfast! At least such is the report.

The forty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design indicates a decided progress in American Art. The show of pictures is in many respects more satisfactory than it has been on some past occasions. To be sure, some of our best artists are abroad, and have no works on exhibition. Others, who are at home, are not represented, for various reasons, and the absence of these is felt. But younger artists, and some who have not been prominent before, show by their present success that prospects for the future are bright.

The following statement of the way matrimonial matters stand in Portland, Maine, has been prepared by an ingenious statistician of that city: Runaway wives, 94; runaway husbands, 196; married persons legally divorced, 347; living in open warfare, 1445; living in private misunderstanding, 1106; mutually indifferent, 4603; regarded as happy, 264; nearly happy, 20; perfectly happy, 9. A census of this kind, showing how affairs are in other cities, might be an interesting document—to bachelors!

It is still a puzzling question where Twitchell obtained the poison which destroyed his life. It was not the ordinary hydrocyanic acid of the drug stores, which is largely diluted with water. The acid which was found in Twitchell's cell required ninety-nine parts of water to reduce it to the standard of the acid used in pharmacy. Apothecaries do not keep it, and the wonder is, how it was obtained, and by whom. Mrs. Twitchell has made public certain "confessions," which she states were sent to her by her husband, with the urgent demand that she should adopt them as her own, and thereby save him from death on the gallows. He assigned as a reason his own horror of death, and that, though many believed her to be guilty of the murder, she could not again be tried for the crime, having once been acquitted.

A New York Judge recently fined a milkman fifty dollars for mixing water with his milk. If justice continues to be meted out thus to offenders we shall stand a good chance of obtaining the pure article.

The *Journal of Chemistry* says that fish may be kept alive for ten days or more without water by filling their mouths with crumbs of bread saturated with brandy, and pouring a little brandy into their stomachs, after which, in this torpid state, they may be packed in straw. They become alive in a few hours when again placed in fresh water. A very nice plan for dealers; but how do the fishes like it? Besides, isn't there danger of their acquiring bad habits, and wanting brandy as a steady drink instead of water?

At this season, when oranges and bananas are to be sold at every other street corner, the public may well utter a *peal* of indignation against the usual disposition of the *peel* of these fruits made by those who lunch while promenading the sidewalk. It is a common thing to see men and boys walking along, scattering bits of orange-peel here and there as they are eating. Such a practice should be regarded as a misdemeanor, for it is highly dangerous. Many a person has slipped in consequence of treading unawares upon pieces of fruit skin and peel thrown upon the sidewalk, and have been seriously injured thereby.

The fine building lately erected on Broadway and Eleventh Street has been purchased by the Methodists for $900,000, and will afford excellent headquarters for what is known as the "Book Concern." Stores on the ground-floor will be rented, and the basement devoted to printing. The remainder of the building will be occupied by the Concern, together with the Missionary Society, Tract Society, and Sunday-school Union.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How late is it, Tom?" "Look at the boss and see if he's drunk; if he ain't, it can't be much after eleven." "Does he keep good time?" "Splendid! they regulate the town clock by his nose."

HOW ADVERTISING WINS.

The first time a man looks at an advertisement he does not see it.

The second time, he does not notice it.

The third time, he is dimly conscious of it.

The fourth time, he faintly remembers having seen something of the kind before.

The fifth time, he half reads it.

The sixth time, he turns up his nose at it.

The seventh time, he reads it all through, and says, "Pshaw"

The eighth time, he ejaculates, "Here's that confounded thing again!"

The ninth time, he wonders "if there is any thing in it."

The tenth time, he thinks it might suit somebody else's case.

The eleventh time, he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has tried or knows any thing about it.

The twelfth time, he wonders how the advertiser can make it pay.

The thirteenth time, he rather thinks it must be a good thing.

The fourteenth time, he happens to think it is just what he wanted for a long time.

The fifteenth time, he resolves to try it as soon as he can afford it.

The sixteenth time, he examines the address carefully, and makes a memorandum of it.

The seventeenth time, he feels tantalized to think he is hardly able to afford it.

The eighteenth time, he is painfully reminded he much needs that particularly excellent article.

The nineteenth time, he counts his money to see how much he would have left if he bought it; and

The twentieth time, he frantically rushes out, in a fit of desperation, and buys.

Palindromes.—A palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba." The latter is the best palindrome probably in the language. The following, the third and last, reads precisely the same backward as forward: "Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns."

A Light Employment—Cleaning windows.

Why is a baker a most extraordinary glutton?—Because, before taking breakfast, he finds it no inconvenience to (*h*)*eat* an oven.

Coarse Language.—A reporter apologizes for the coarseness of his language, caused, as he says, by the gold pen with which he was writing having been lately used to open oysters.

"Flat" Fish—All that are stupid enough to get caught.

A good story is told of an old lady living in some backwoods settlement, who hospitably received a Methodist preacher who was traveling on his circuit. After setting provision before him she began to question him. "Stranger, where mought you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky." "Wa'al, stranger, no offense, but what mought you be doin' up here?" "Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel." "John! John!" shouted the old lady, "come rite here this minnit; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby County, Kentucky, a-hunting stock, and I'll just bet my life that tangle-haired black ram that's been in our lot all last week is one of his'n."

A new method of committing suicide (?) is reported from the West. Somewhere in Wisconsin a man, who did not enjoy perfect domestic felicity, informed his wife that he was going to retire from this wicked world, and go where weary husbands are at rest. He left the house, but his partner followed him. He reached the bridge, and there was a splash. The wife shrieked and fainted. Recovering at length, she wended her sorrowful way home and settled down for a good cry, when the husband appeared once more upon the scene. He had thrown a rock into the river, and then dodged under the bridge. The probabilities are that they "made up" their difficulties.

"The Man at the Wheel"—The Velocipedestrian.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

A select hop took place at a hall in Corning, recently, and the programme announced, "No German." A well-to-do Teuton saw it, and stopping one of the managers in the street, he said, "Vot for you calls dis a free guntry; vot for you kick me out of mit your show all the vile? 'No German!' den I backs up mine goods, and goes back to mine vaderland, and then I gets up one grand hippety hop, and I say, 'No Yankee,' and see how you likes dem all de vile."

TAKING THE OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear cruel girl," cried I, "forbear;
For, by those eyes, those lips, I swear."
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And cried, "You've sworn, now *kiss the book!*"

A gentleman was arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped. "I tell you what, Ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction." "Not open to conviction, Sir!" was the indignant reply; "I scorn the imputation, Sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

"Here's your money, dolt; and now tell me why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum."

"I'm sure I can't tell; but, if you'll excuse me, Sir, I guess it was because seventeen didn't fetch it."

The following novel intimation appears at the end of a recent invitation to a wedding: "No cards! No cake! No wine! No kissing the bride!"

"What are you doing there, all alone in that large house?" said a gentleman to an Irishman, the sole occupant of a dilapidated building in Pine Street.

"Sure and it's an officer I am, your Honor," said Pat.

"An officer! how so?"

"Why, you see, the others are all gone, and I'm a *leftenant.*"

Much libelous matter has been written on tombstones about wives. Witness this from Selby, in Yorkshire:

"Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her I should *lie* too."

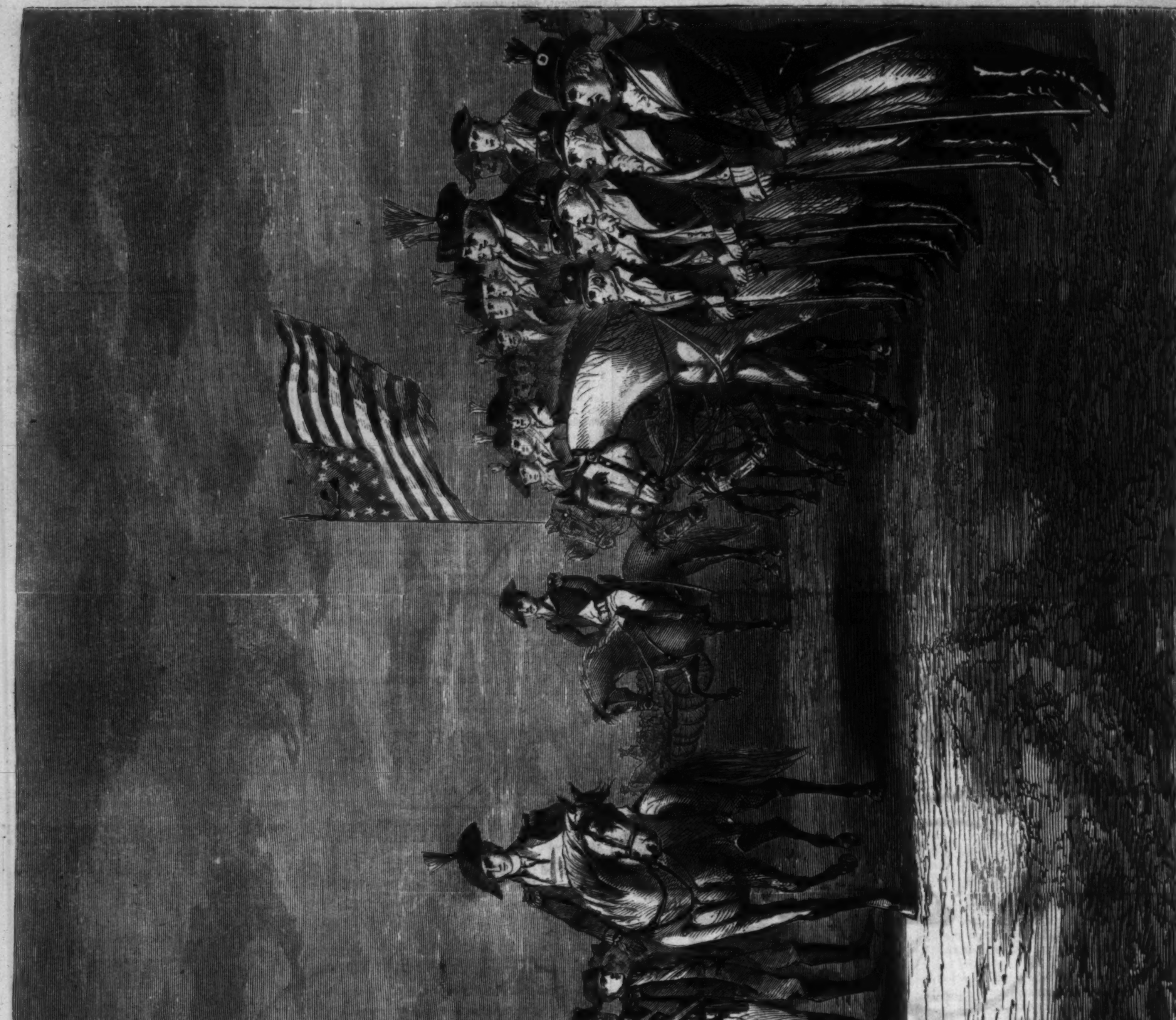
Here is another, often attributed to Dryden, but to be found in the French long before:

"Here lies my wife; here let her lie:
She's at rest, and so am I."

The following one breathes a spirit of resignation which is far less abrupt. There is also a ludicrous touch of the polite about it:

"She once was mine;
And now
To Thee, O Lord, I her resign;
And am your obedient, humble servant,
Robert Kemp."

THE FATE OF THE BICYCLES.
"Knives to Grind!"



SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 19, 1781.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

THE VELOCIPEDE MANIA—WHAT IT MAY COME TO!—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THALATTA.

The very next afternoon Mr. Morley called, and was told by the little maid that Miss Turner was too ill to see him, but she gave him a note, which he, as is usual in such cases, opened and read:

"Dear Sir,—Let yesterday be as though it never had been. Forget it, and forget me. It was all a mistake from beginning to end. I should like to have seen Hetty; but that can never be. My love for you is unalterable. I never loved any one on earth as I do you. But what we talked of yesterday is utterly and entirely impossible. Rebecca."

Morley stepped into Mr. Turner's study, and taking pen and ink, wrote:

"Come down stairs directly, and tell me all about it. Don't keep me waiting, for I have news for you, and but little time to give you. Look sharp, and don't dawdle. A. M."

So she came down. She was very pale, but there was no sign of wildness about her. He was shocked at her appearance, but he did not show it at all. He received her affectionately and kissed her.

"My dear Rebecca," he said, "can you explain to me the meaning of the note you sent me down just now?"

"No, Alfred," she said; "an explanation would involve others."

"So I have supposed for a very long time," he answered. "I have quite expected to hear of something like this for a year past. But that note I got this morning from you was never written. It don't exist."

"I am no fit wife for you," said Rebecca.

"I am surely the best judge of that. You are held to your words, Rebecca. Have you repented of that silly note? Can not you trust me, as I am going to trust you?"

"If you knew all, Alfred!"

"Bah! sweet-heart; I know more than all. Do you think that your sister knows nothing? Do you think that Hagbut has not got it out of her? Do you not think that Russel and Soper have not heard of it from him, and illustrated it? My story is, that your father has raised money on Lord Ducetoy's title-deeds to pay Carry's marriage-portion."

"You never dared believe it of him?" said Rebecca.

"Not for one instant," said Mr. Morley, laughing; "only, this being the report about him in our little society, I asked his daughter to marry me. There is very little time to talk nonsense, my dear; let us therefore talk sense. If your father's affairs got utterly wrong, what earthly difference would it make between *us?* And under any circumstances, you know," he went on, laughing louder, "you can never be the plague and disgrace to me that Hetty has been."

Whenever he mentioned Hetty a smile came on his face, and a brightness in his eye. What had Rebecca to say to such wooing? Why, nothing.

"I repent. I am all yours. I will never distrust you again."

"Bravely said. Now I am going utterly away from you, to leave you entirely alone, without one solitary friend, for a long time. I have no hopes in England; my chapel is only full of sailors, and sailors do not pay. But our connection has given me the new Tahiti mission, wisely and well, for at Tahiti every one can manage the natives, but no one the sailors. Another man was appointed, but has got a good chapel and has refused. They offered it to me this morning, and it came to me like a gleam of light, pretty bird, that my work for my Master lay among the sailors, and I said yes."

"I see," said Rebecca, nodding her head and smiling; "this is good."

"I am half a sailor myself, you know, and I can talk to our wild boys in their own language without affectation and without mistake, which is a great thing; for men dislike following a man who exhibits ignorance on their own *spécialité*. They say, he talks seamanship, and makes errors which the cook's mate would be ashamed of; how can we trust him in other things? It is silly and illogical on their parts; but they are silly and illogical. For my part, I think the priest who simply confesses ignorance, and applies to them for instruction, will have a good chance with them; possibly better than mine. I mean the man who will show *them* his ignorance, and then show them their own. But we have not these men. Our men are all too scholastic; they will talk to our fellows about the one thing of which they know nothing—seamanship. Hagbut preached a nautical sermon at my chapel once, which made my ears burn with sheer shame; and the lubber believes to this day that he produced a profound impression—as indeed he did—of his own utter pretentious imbecility. I have not time to go into this. I feel that I am the right man in the right place; and, to use our Saviour's own words, humbly and reverently, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Are you content?"

"I am more than content. You are doing well. Shall you be away long?"

"A year at least."

"A whole year? And when do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"That is very sudden. But is all right and well, and very good, Alfred? I shall know that you are not lost but working, and shall stay by home to prove to you that I am worthy of you. Yes. This is a little hard, and a little bitter too; but it is right and good. You have forgiven my folly of this morning?"

"Why, I really don't know that there was any folly to forgive. You acted exactly as I should have wished my wife to act. You are the dearer to me for it."

"May I help you with your preparations?" she asked.

"My chest is always packed," he answered, with a smile. "It does not take long to ship such an old sailor as me. One chest of clothes, and one of books, are all I own; and my landlady has taken good care of them."

"But I may come and see you off?" she asked.

"Surely," he said; and they passed on to talk of other matters, and talked until it was time for him to go.

She scarcely knew how to break this sudden resolution to her father; whether he would think it a kind of desertion on Mr. Morley's part she could not tell. He took it quite quietly, and only said, "So soon, hey! Well, I am glad he has left me you. We will wait for him together, my child; and perhaps when he comes to fetch you away you shall take me with you out of this hateful, miserable place to a happier one."

There was a wild surging wind from the northwest, bringing with it occasional heavy showers of cold rain and brilliant gleams of cold sunshine—one of those bitter days which are almost worse than any weather in England, except east. The river was brisk though dull, leaden, and muddy, dashing in short crisp waves against the piles of Trafalgar Terrace. Mr. Morley was gone on board a little higher up the river, and Rebecca had said the last words to him; she was standing at the edge of the river, in the piercing blast, wrapped up from head to foot, shielding her little dog from the cold, and watching the ships pass swiftly seaward until his should come.

It was not long in coming. A beautiful schooner eager for her battle with the sea, curving her sharp high bows in triumphant anticipation, flying before the swift squall with only a foretop-sail set. He stood upon the poop and waved his hand, and so the ship passed on eastward, under a gleam of sun, toward a heavy black cloud which lay upon her path, and he was gone. And she stood silently weeping on the shore, and holding her little dog, close to nearly the most desolate heart which beat in England that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD ALONE.

But by degrees her silent crying stilled itself, and, the cold blast arousing her, she turned resolutely westward against the wind, which, cold as it was, caused her but little annoyance, for the heavy weariness which showed itself in her gait, and the feeling of solitude which gnawed at her heart, made her indifferent to the weather.

A gleam of such happiness so rapidly overclouded. She had only had him for three days, and had never realized actually her position toward him. Never. Until she saw him on the deck of the schooner passing rapidly eastward down the river. Then she knew really, for the first time, that the man had wooed her so well—had, that is to say, understood her thoroughly, and persistently shown her the best side of herself, and of himself also; had petted and encouraged what was good in her, and ignored what was bad; nay, had gone so high in the art of wooing that he had shown her herself at her best, and himself as something better still; that she found there was no one like him in the whole of her little world, and she believed no one like him in the larger world beyond hers. She knew that she loved him entirely with her whole heart.

There was not much sentimentality in her love for him. He was very handsome, certainly, of a rare and peculiar beauty, dangerous to "the peace of mind" of most young ladies, but she thought little of that. It was his "way" which was so irresistible, and the impression left on her mind was that he had selected her, the poor wild girl who had been a plague to every one, to do her the highest honor that man can do woman. That he was a penniless, friendless, and unpopular man she never considered. She looked on him as having descended from a high pedestal of perfect truth and perfect virtue, to do honor to her. She could not understand it, for, like most very noble people, she utterly undervalued herself; but the fact was the same. He loved her, and she had lost him.

So she thought as she set her face westward, in her solitude, toward her miserable home. If there was any mere sentimentalism in her deep love, it was not for Morley. She could not be romantic and sentimental about *him*. In fact, a sentimental young lady would scarcely have liked her lover sailing away in a foretop-sail schooner, for a twelvemonth, three days after he had proposed to her. In Rebecca's sensible eyes this only made him nobler and more dear to her; she was assured of his love, and could laugh at Russel and Soper, and all the rest of them.

But this young lady had a good deal of sentimentality also, but, strangely enough, or rather *naturally* enough, she reserved all her stores of that article, not for Morley, but for his daughter *Hetty*, whom she had never seen.

If one was a Frenchman one might write, "Sentimental love is born of Mystery. Calypso steps from her pedestal and assists Eros to bind the napkin over his eyes." But I am not a Frenchman, and so will not say it. There was certainly nothing Calyptic about Rebecca's love for Mr. Morley.

But with regard to his daughter. That young lady was a consummate mystery to her (which made Calypso step from her pedestal). And she had certainly, in some way or another, broken through all rules, which caused Rebecca to love her, while knowing nothing about her. (Calypso binds the eyes of Eros.) And so, fighting westward against the wind, she found herself thinking very much about Hetty. "She will be home before him, and we can talk together about him. I know that I shall love her."

Stereoscopes are to me only magnified photographs. Others have the stereoscopic eye. Let us look at her with a different eye—say the left.

There went wearily along the streets of Bermondsey that day a weak, ill-clad woman with a baby on her arm, against the wind westward. There came such a driving, furious storm of cold rain that this poor woman was forced to put into an archway, and took this opportunity of opening her bosom and giving the baby her milk.

While she was doing so a shadow passed before her, and she hurriedly was drawing her shawl over the arrangement, when she saw that it was only a woman, and was more at her ease.

It was a singular woman too. Very young, very handsomely dressed, and wrapped up from head to foot in a shawl, the price of which would have kept that cowering woman for a twelvemonth. Her hat was of golden seal-skin, the value of which that poor woman had reason to know, and in it was set a storm-petrel, a bird that woman knew too well also. She carried her head high this lady, and was so beautiful in face and in carriage that the cowering woman turned away.

In her bosom this splendid lady had something which was not a baby, only a little dog, with bright eyes, who put its head out to sneeze.

She put her grand head down to look at it, and caught sight of her shivering companion. She spoke at once, in the high, clear, splendid voice of an unaffected English lady.

"My dear creature, you are very cold."

"Yes, my lady," said the woman, "but my master is colder."

"Where is he?" said Rebecca.

"He is gone to sea, my lady, with half his kit, poor dear. He broke his arm in the frost hauling a rotten foretop-sail halyard, and he missed a voyage, and we have pawned every thing, and now my man is gone to sea again."

"So is mine," said Rebecca, without thinking.

"Yes, my dear lady; but your good gentleman has his full kit aboard, no doubt. My poor man will be up reefing top-sails in the snow, thin clad, while yours is warm and comfortable."

"Do you worry and vex yourself all the time your husband is away?" asked Rebecca.

"What would be the good?" the woman answered; "I've got to live, and to hope."

"Has he left you money to live on?" asked Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, no; he hadn't got none to leave. He will bring back some, though."

"And what have you to live on, then?" asked Rebecca, deeply interested.

"Charing and needle-work."

"Have you plenty of it?"

"Yes," she said; "I don't need to be beholden; I have a connection among sea-faring men and women, and I can make my three shillings a week till he comes back."

"Look here," said Rebecca, suddenly and quickly, "our cases are similar in some way, but your necessity is greater than mine. I have money, you have not. Take this five pounds; I meant it to buy a present for him, but had not time. When you want more write to me."

"But I might be an imposter, miss," said the woman, aghast.

"Your words show that you are none," said Rebecca, and, giving her address, she walked quickly away.

Quiet, through having got thoroughly well tired, she turned, after an eight miles' walk, into her own dismal lane, and found herself confronted with Miss Soper and Mrs. Russel.

In small communities news fly fast: the whole earth is a small community now, thanks to the telegraph; hence our telegrams, which always require to be emphatically contradicted next day. It had got about in the small Walham Green connection that Mr. Morley was going to marry Miss Turner, but that she had shown such abominable temper that he had shipped on board a fast brig, and had gone to sea; and that she had started early that morning, down to the docks, to bring him to book. This was too good a thing for Russel and Soper to miss. She must come home some time in the afternoon, and so Russel and Soper cruised off the end of the lane, as Anson did for the Acapulco plate ship, knowing that if they could lay her by the board they would have something to reward them.

Their cruise was (comparatively speaking) as long as Lord Anson's, and in the end very little more successful. They made raids into the lane, and took Akin's house and Mr. Spicer's house—with tracts; but they were always soon on their post off the lane's end; and after a time the Acapulco ship arrived, and they boarded her, to the intense delight of Akin and Mr. Spicer, who were watching.

Rebecca, tall, handsome, fresh from the sea, head in air, with seal-skin hat and storm-petrel for ornament, thinking of things far away, was arrested by Russel and Soper. Mab, who had not been let to walk, had accommodated herself to circumstances so far; but Soper was too much for her, and she barked so furiously at that good lady that she was put down; a liberty which she used for a cloak of licentiousness, for she bit Soper's gown without a moment's hesitation, and kept hold of it too; which so agitated Soper that fat old Russel had to do the talking.

"She is a varmint little thing," said Akin to Spicer, in the distance.

"So is her mistress," said Mr. Spicer.

"My dear," said Russel, "we were here, and saw you coming. Are we to congratulate you?"

"On what?" said Rebecca. "Mab, you naughty little thing, be quiet."

"On your approaching marriage with Mr. Morley."

"No, I think not," said Rebecca. "He sailed for Tahiti this morning. But I am very much obliged to you, all the same."

"Is he coming back soon?" said Miss Soper, who had been delivered from Mab by Rebecca.

"I should think not," said Rebecca. "It is quite impossible that he can be back under a twelvemonth; possibly not for two years. But it is of no consequence that I know of."

And so those two very good people went away, and told the whole truth to the connection. And the whole truth was, that Mr. Morley had found out too much, and had shipped for Tahiti.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAGBUT IN A NEW LIGHT.

But to Rebecca's great and never-ending astonishment, Hagbut came out in an entirely new line at this juncture. Hagbut was stupid, vain, avaricious, and selfish. You will find such characters in every form of religion, just as you will find Morley's. But Hagbut was an exceptional man. The man had power. He had put a few ends before him, social and religious; and in steadily pursuing those ends he looked neither to the right nor the left. The success of his own small religious connection, and his own personal governance of that connection, were his two great objects. Take him apart from those objects, and you would find a *man* not without strength, but who seemed narrow, because he referred all matters in heaven and earth to his own services and that of his own sect. If any matter did not appear to him to interfere with these two objects he *could* be just, and even generous.

Now Rebecca had done no such thing as the scandalous Hetty; and besides—and besides—well, he had been fond of Rebecca once on a time. And sometimes, when Carry was most religious, and most affectionate—when he was wearied with religious work, and would gladly have heard something of the world which he was bound to despise in words, Hagbut thought seriously that he had made a mistake. Rebecca would not have him, it is true; still, Carry, with her money, was a great bore, and Rebecca was worth ten of her.

Russel and Soper invaded him when he was thinking of these things, and saying to himself that he was glad the poor girl was so well fitted with Morley; and honestly, and, as far as he was able, tenderly wishing her good luck, Russel and Soper did not meet with the reception they anticipated.

"He has gone and left her," said Miss Soper. "Rebecca Turner was down after him to the docks this morning; but he has gone and left her."

"He has gone to provide a home for her," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Mr. Hagbut, it is not so. Mr. Morley has run away. She told us with her own lips that he was gone away, and that she didn't care when he came back."

"I know she didn't say *that*," said Hagbut, bending his ugly face on Miss Soper, and thrusting out his powerful jaw in a way which Miss Soper did not like. "What were her words?"

"Her words were that he was gone for a twelvemonth, and that it was no matter," said Mrs. Russel.

"See how you stand cross-examination, you two," said Hagbut. "I can't trust a word you say. Now look you here, you two. That girl is my sister-in-law, and a good girl too; and Morley is the most refined and educated man in our connection—a connection which wants, what I have not got, refinement and education more than most. I won't have Rebecca's name pulled about. She is a fine creature."

The more cowardly Russel was abashed at once; not so the more resolute and sourer Soper, who had never felt a man's influence, but who had got her living by bullying girls.

"You pulled her name about one time pretty freely yourself," said she.

"Yes; but that was my business. This is none of yours. You mind what I say, and leave the girl alone. I won't have her meddled with. Mind, I mean what I say."

And, indeed, he looked very much as if he did. Pale, ugly, and generally lazy as he was, there was an immense amount of powerful animation in the man, with a good deal of shrewd sense. Russel and Soper had brains enough to find out this; Rebecca had brains enough to find out more.

She was alone that evening, with an atlas before her, following Morley across the map, when the little maid told her that Mr. Hagbut was come to see her. And she said, "Show him in."

Mr. Hagbut came in, and they greeted one another civilly; after which Mr. Hagbut pointed to the atlas, and said:

"After *him?*"

"Yes."

"You are a happy woman, Rebecca, if it is all right between you and Morley. Come, sister-in-law, tell me that it is."

"It is 'all right,' as you call it," said Rebecca, laughing. "He is going to be away for an indefinite time; but we are, what the world calls, engaged."

"I wish you happy, most heartily," said Hagbut, leaning his ugly face on his great fat hands and looking at her. "It is your own fault if you are not. He is refined, and a gentleman; I am neither the one nor the other."

"I think you are a very good man, Mr. Hagbut," she said, looking him frankly in the face.

"I do among vulgar people, being vulgar my-

self. And I do good where a gentleman would fail. But, Rebecca, it is well we did not marry."

"It is very well, indeed," said Rebecca.

"I suppose you have often put this case to yourself with regard to me—'If I had married that ugly, fat man, without ideas, without the manners of a gentleman, without education, death would have been better than life.' You have put it so, have you not?"

"Not so strongly as that, Mr. Hagbut; but still very strongly," said Rebecca, with resolution.

"Did you ever put the other side of the question?" asked Hagbut. "Did you ever think of me? Did you ever think for one instant what a hell on earth (I beg pardon) my life would have been, tied for life to a beautiful, clever, refined, and furiously rebellious woman like yourself? You congratulate yourself on your escape; congratulate me on mine. We should not have lived together a month in decency; for my will is immovable."

Rebecca paused for a long time. At last she said:

"It seems to me, brother-in-law, that you are a very honest man. You served me ill once; but let us forget all, and be friends: God knows I want them. Come, brother-in-law, do not be my enemy, although we can never be companions; for we should squabble so dreadfully over ways of speech on religious matters, you know; and I doubt if we should agree with regard to Hetty."

"What do you know of her?" said Mr. Hagbut.

"Nothing. What has she done?"

"If you do not know, *I* see no reason for telling you. I have taken my side there, and will maintain it."

"Well, if you go against her, you will spare me?" said Rebecca.

Hagbut would not have taken an oath in a court of justice to save his life; but in his heart, without speech, he swore a deep and terrible oath then. No religionist can be without sentiment; and the deepest sentimental part of Hagbut's soul was aroused by the spectacle of this utterly solitary and defenseless girl, whom he had once thought that he had loved, in spite of his fear of her, alone against the world. Hagbut made affirmation silently to himself that he would stand between this poor child and the world, which meant their small connection. And he did it, like a leal and loyal soul. It is easy to see the worst of these men. You must know them to find out the best of them. For my part, I have known many ministers of religion. Roman Catholic verbiage or Dissenting verbiage may be offensive to the ear; but in twenty years I have only known two bad ministers of religion of any sect, and that is not a large percentage, after all: one speaks, of course, merely of a large personal acquaintance. Being on dangerous ground I will step off it; merely enrolling my opinion that the ministers of religion, with all their eccentricities, are the most valuable class in the community.

Hagbut spoke to Rebecca no more after this. Carry would have been jealous had she known that he had said so much. But Russel and Soper's vilipendings of Rebecca were now reduced to sniffs and glances.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GAZETTE.

AND so it came about that Rebecca, who began at the very beginning of this story by wishing herself dead, wished nothing of the kind now; but only wished, like Jane Eyre, "that she might keep in good health and not die."

Yet she was infinitely worse off than in the old times when she wished herself dead. She was in utter and entire solitude, for her father was not much better company than can be found in the saner side of Bedlam. She had not a soul to speak to in any sort of way approaching the confidential, except Mab, and Mab could not answer her.

Although Hagbut had stilled all tongues with his fat emphatic fist, yet even he could not prevent people looking at Rebecca in chapel; and she knew that they were looking at her, and she hated it. She never saw them looking at her, but she felt it; and the effect of this consciousness on her face was to produce an expression of calm, careless anger, which assisted devotion in no way whatever.

Had she known that they were only studying in a humble way her imperial, magnificent beauty, reading it like a book, and learning from it, as one learns art at first, from a great and traditionally authenticated picture, she might have been content, and have given them at times softer developments of her not very mobile face. But she thought they were only staring at her, and she hated her chapel worse than ever.

She felt this more than ever one morning, when she had gone alone, her father being too ill to come. "I will never go again," she said. "They hate me." And she stalked out through the crowd with her head in the air.

Soper was helping Russel along, and said, "Did you ever see any thing like *that?*"

"A bold-faced jig," said Russel.

"I mean," said Soper the schoolmistress, "did you ever see such beauty in all your life? Because I have had some experience, and *I* never did."

Soper and Russel went their ways, and Rebecca went hers. But she was followed home by two admirers.

Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer. When they had turned into their own lane they came up beside her, one on each side, and spoke to her boldly and eagerly.

"Glad to see you about, Miss. Mr. Turner is quite well, I hope?"

"My father is not at all well," said Rebecca. "I am so glad to see you two at chapel."

"We will leave that alone, Miss, at present," said Mr. Spicer. "We want to speak to you very particular indeed, Miss. Don't us, Jim?"

"Indeed we do."

"You see, Miss," said Mr. Spicer the sweep, "we sweeps as a general rule are the cleanest of all working chaps, always taking a bath afore we turns in. But we have what we call the black bed, into which we turns in all our crock when there's a difficult flue early in the morning. And we got orders for Beaufort House, and (you won't tell on a man for breaking the act) I lay in the black bed with my youngest son Tom, to put he up the flue before the police was round. It was again the law, I know, but that boy loves his profession; I should say his art; for that boy is as much an artist in a crooked flue as the great Anelay is in the *Mysteries of London*. With a father's feelings I went with him, of course, and we was no sooner out of our house than he said,

"'See to those coves round Mr. Turner's, father.'"

"Burglars?" asked Rebecca.

"There was two on them, Miss. It was pretty dark, but we could see. One was a young swell, and the other I knowd."

"This is very alarming," said Rebecca. "What did you do?"

"I called out the name of the man I knowd. I said, 'Bob Syers, you hook it.' And he offered in return a low remark, referring to a misfortune of mine in years gone by; but he hooked it all the same."

"Whatever shall we do?" said Rebecca.

"Put the police to watch. Syers is well knowd, as is doubtless the young swell."

"I *can't* employ the police," said Rebecca, incautiously. "Whatever shall I do?"

In the following paragraph I am only speaking of what I have seen with my own eyes. It is wrong and immoral, but there it is, for better or for worse—a great deal for worse, I should say.

Rebecca had won these men. Not by her beauty, for their eyes were too utterly untrained to see her beauty. They would probably have pronounced Buckingham Palace to be finer than Wells, Bayeux, or Salisbury, and have called Winchester a barn. They would possibly have called a red-faced Devon lass far prettier than Rebecca; it was not her beauty which had won these men, it was her sympathy and geniality. They were neither of them very respectable men, but either of them would have fought for her, merely in return for kind words and kind acts to their wives, at any time. Now that she had confessed to them that there was something the matter in her father's house, which forbade the police being called in, they would die for her or risk it. There was a new bond of sympathy between her and these gentlemen now, which made them ready for any thing in her behalf. It is all wrong and bad, but so it *is*. You don't know where the criminal class begins. *Still less do you know where the sympathy with the criminal class begins.*

And further, Mr. Turner, solicitor and Methodist, had been an offensive person to them both by his mere existence hitherto. Now that there was an obvious hitch in his affairs, insoluble by those enemies of mankind the Metropolitan police, they began to have a fellow-feeling with him which they never had before. The sympathies of people like Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin are distinctly *not* on the side of the law. On all sentimental grounds they were perfectly ready to assist Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, Miss," said Mr. Spicer, "don't vex yourself. We will watch. You have got a little dog as will bark."

"Yes," said Rebecca, showing Mab.

"Pretty dear," said Jim Akin, "there she is. Let me have the handling of her, Miss, please. She is worth ten pound, Miss; there ain't a p'int about this dog which is at fault, Miss," he continued, nursing Mab.

"Never mind the dog, Jim," said Mr. Spicer.

"Ah, but I *do* mind the dog, Tom," said Mr. Akin. "You ain't a cynosure in dogs, you see."

"He'd serve six months for a rat-tailed terrier, Miss," said Mr. Spicer. "We all have our fancies. But see here; durst you fire a gun?"

"Yes, I know how; my father has shown me."

"Then," said Mr. Spicer, "every time that little dog barks, you fire a gun out a winder, and me and Jim will be with you. They won't try it on often, if you do that, Miss. Their nerves is never good. If it only comes to nothing at all, they will get scared; if we get 'em *in* the house, why, then, we shall know what to do. *You* needn't bother about the policemen. In fact, we don't want no police round here."

"I will do what you tell me," said Rebecca. "If any thing were to happen you could hold your tongues—keep silent—could you not?"

Mr. Spicer sniffed, and Mr. Akin, in giving back Mab, winked. "Tell her about the backer, Tom," said this coarse young man.

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Mr. Spicer. "What do you suppose the young lady would want to know about the running of a two-penny half-penny, four hundred boxes of cigars, so high up the river as this, in a ballast lighter? I am ashamed on you. Good-afternoon, Miss; depend on us." And so they went.

Leaving Rebecca with the terrible impression that she had connected herself with the criminal classes, not through her own fault, but utterly without hope of extrication. She was so puzzled by her quaint position that she was actually whimsical, almost humorous over it.

"I shall be in jail, my dear," she said to Mab. "And you will be reduced to bacon and cold potatoes at Akin's until I come out again. I *wish* father had not broken the law in this matter, even from his very high motives. Bother you!" she continued, shaking her fist at the law of the land; "you will pass over Sir Gorham Philpott *and* Lord Ducetoy, and you will catch my father. You Brute, not if I can stop it."

She had come at her purpose before she reached home. Her father was in a very difficult position—retaining papers which he had no right to detain—detaining them on very chivalrous grounds. But he had only seen part of the consequences in a sentimental, or, as she put it, Walham Green way; the first thing she had to do was to put the Limehouse view of the question before him.

So she burst in on him suddenly, and said, "Pa, you have made a nice mess of it. They are going to rob and murder us all. They were about the house two nights ago."

"So I suppose," said Mr. Turner.

"So you *suppose*," said Rebecca. "Well, I tell you, pa, that I am not used to it, and that I am not going to stand it. Trampling about in other people's gardens, indeed! I tell you, pa, that I am not going to endure it."

"Are *you* going to leave me, Becky?" said Mr. Turner.

Rebecca had not calculated on this. The thread of her argument was raveled.

"Leave you, dear," she said, kneeling at his feet. "Why, father, father, I have no one left but you, now Alfred is gone. My dear, I will never leave you this side of the grave."

"Is Alfred Morley actually gone?" said Mr. Turner, eagerly.

"Yes, but he will come back. He is only gone for a weary year or two; just to leave us alone, you know."

"I thought from your manner that you were angry with me; stay by me."

"I was and am angry with you," said Rebecca; "you are moping and brooding when you should be acting. We want your brains to direct us; we will find hands to assist."

"We?" said Mr. Turner.

"Yes, we," said Rebecca; "Spicer and Akin and I, not to mention Mab. Tell us what to do."

"You have strange accomplices," said Turner.

"And you have done a strange thing. Their motives are as high as yours. They help us from mere love."

"'What have they seen?" asked Mr. Turner, rousing himself.

"Our house was 'attempted' four days ago by two men. One, Syer, a burglar, and the other a young gentleman. Spicer the sweep knew Syer, and challenged him. The young gentleman he did not know."

Mr. Turner lay back in his chair and laughed—laughed again almost heartily; then he began to speak.

"My dear child, this is exactly as I supposed. The man Syer is, as you tell me, you being acquainted with the criminal class so intimately, a burglar. Now the young gentleman who was with him is Edmund Philpott, whose forgeries, those of my own name in particular, I hold."

"Well," said Rebecca.

"You may well say 'well,'" said Mr. Turner; "you don't understand business; indeed, no one will soon, and financing has come in, and the L. C. & D. can't exactly make out whether Mr. P. owes them six millions of money or they owe him two and a half millions. But you understand enough for this. That a Limited Liability Company bought the Gorham-Philpott business for £500,000, and have made a mess of it, as limited companies always do and always will. We don't *want* limited liability, girl; we want unlimited responsibility. Ha! look at M. when he was short—what did the trade say to the limited liability companies? Why, they said, one and all, 'We will have the man, and not a parcel of irresponsible shareholders. We know the man, and the man is honest as knows the business,' says they; 'but we don't know 500 irresponsible shareholders;' and the trade pulled the man through, and there he is now. Well, child, you can't understand this, though every reader of a newspaper can. This Gorham-Philpott business was sold; and I gave up my position as their attorney. And, first of all, I did a wrong thing for our relation, Lord Ducetoy—I kept his papers here to save them from the smash. And, secondly, to save Sir Gorham I kept all the papers which young Edmund had forged."

"And you did well and nobly," said Rebecca. "You have broken the law, I doubt not; but I am with you."

"Well, that is finely said," said Mr. Turner. "But don't you go breaking the law; you know one is quite enough in a family. Listen and don't talk nonsense. The Limited Company has gone to unutterable ruin. The property of the old house was guaranteed to the Company, and their deeds must come into the Bankruptcy Court. Some I have burned in my brooding folly; some are here still. I hardly know, child, what I have destroyed and what I have not. But young Philpott has forged heavily; he believes that his forgeries are here, and he will murder us all."

"And indeed he wil murder none of us," said Rebecca; "I'll sort him if he comes here. Pa, dear, what on earth ever caused you to be so silly?"

"As how?"

"As to burn those papers."

"Brooding and brooding," said Mr. Turner; "brooding about your mother eternally, for one thing. I don't know what I have burned and what I have not."

"Can't you look and see, pa?"

"No. I am gone beyond that. It kills me to look at papers. I am a lost man."

"Are you in debt, pa?"

"No. There will be money enough when I am gone. But Hagbut told me on our last meeting about business matters that he saw no signs of grace in me. And he is an experienced man in spiritual matters; therefore I doubt that I have never been convinced of sin, and am damned everlastingly. That is all."

"This is worse nonsense than the other," said Rebecca, furiously. "Pa, how can you sit there and talk like that, with the good God listening to you? Hagbut is a good fellow, but he ought to be hung if he told you that."

"He did not, my dear. I know it," said Mr. Turner.

"Well, I can do nothing with you," said Rebecca, "except ask you not to talk nonsense. Do you think they will try the house again?"

"Certainly."

"Shall you shoot young Philpott if you meet him?" said Rebecca.

The answer was a curious one. Mr. Turner raised a wan, pale face to hers, from which every kind of expression was banished. Her father's brain had gone. The mechanical work of his office for so many years, his terrible troubles with his wife in old times, and this last miserable, silly, inextricable confusion, had been too much for him. Rebecca saw that she could not trust him again.

Once see that dead stare in the eyes of one you love, and love may remain; but confidence has departed forever.

Rebecca repeated her question, with an artificial laugh. "You won't shoot young Philpott, will you, pa?"

His answer was worse than his silence. He looked at her steadily, and with some recollection of the old days, of which she knew nothing, said:

"Trout should be as bright as peacocks before you should catch *them*. Or, to be more correct, like the butterfly called Vanessa Io. You should lay them carefully in cowslips and grass; an orchis or two atop is not amiss; Morio or Pyramidalis would do; but, above all things, a sprig of 'Geum,' which the hinds call 'Avens,' Lord knows why. Seek also in the damp meadows for your Ophioglossum, and put a piece of it in your biggest trout's mouth. And when she sees it she will know what you mean by her. And she will walk in the sun along the south wall, and will pick for you rosemary, old man, and the flower which fools call 'prince's feather,' but which wise men call, 'Love lies a-bleeding.' That is what she will do, and then go and marry George Somers."

"Lord help me!" said poor Rebecca, "his mind is gone."

Not gone, Rebecca, only babbling of green fields. Most men have lived at least three lives before they get married, and once and for all lay every thing at the feet of one woman. He was only dazed a little in his brain, and, as I have noticed in dying men, reverting to the first of his lives—a life she knew not of. He was shrewd enough next morning; his keenness was more painful to her than his wandering.

EBENEZER D. BASSETT.

VERY fitly a colored man of the highest eminence has been appointed Minister from this country to Hayti. Mr. BASSETT, whose portrait we give on page 285, is a fine mathematician, and is well versed in classic literature. He has for some time been President of the "Institute for Colored Youth" in Philadelphia—a high school maintained by the philanthropy of the Quakers, where young negroes receive a college education gratis. Seventeen of Mr. BASSETT's graduates are now teaching in Delaware.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

IN our last Number we gave illustrations relating to the opening conflicts of the American Revolution. This week we lay before our readers a picture (after the original painting in the Capitol at Washington) representing the surrender of Lord CORNWALLIS at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781. This was one of the closing, being also, probably, the most decisive event of the memorable struggle between the American Colonies and the mother country.

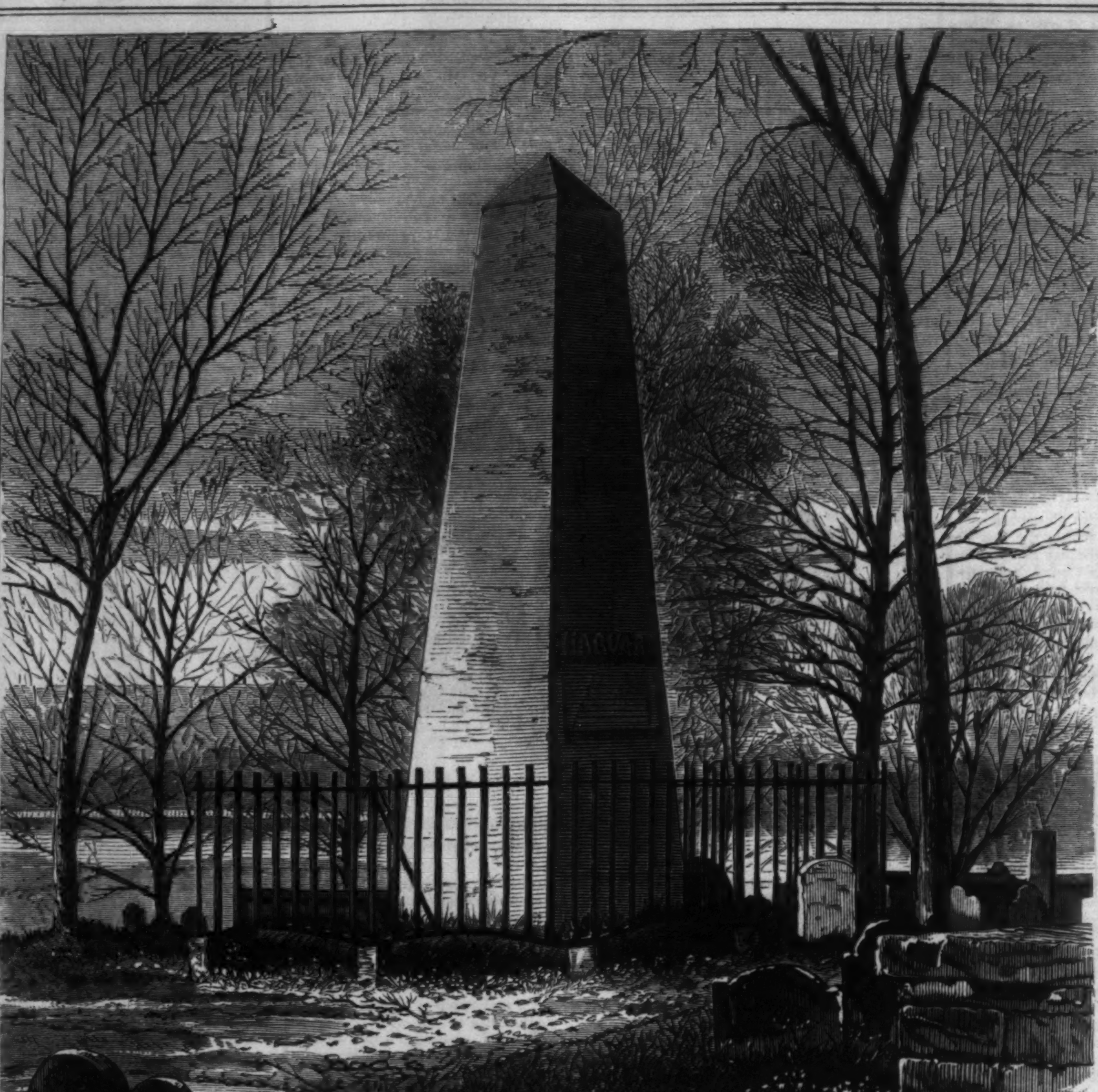
On the 22d of September Lord CORNWALLIS's army—seven thousand strong—was concentrated at York and Gloucester. He constructed a line of works completely around Yorktown, and also extended a line of intrenchments across the peninsula of Gloucester, in the rear of that little town. In the mean time the Count DE GRASSE, with twenty-eight ships and several brigades, reinforced the American and French forces, and CORNWALLIS with his army was placed in imminent peril.

On the 25th the preparations for the siege of Yorktown had been completed by General WASHINGTON. The besieging force numbered 16,000 troops. On the last day of the month the line of investment was complete. The French troops held the left, the Americans the right, while Count DE GRASSE with his fleet remained in Lynn Haven Bay to beat off any force which might come to the relief of CORNWALLIS. The latter, confident that he could not maintain his position, meditated flight. A portion of his command succeeded in reaching Gloucester Point on the night of October 16, but a terrible storm thwarted the main undertaking, and the troops returned to their lines. Reduced to the last extremity, CORNWALLIS determined to surrender. But he could not bring himself up to the point of personally delivering his sword to WASHINGTON; this duty he assigned to General O'HARA. The loss of the British at Yorktown (for it was not a bloodless siege) amounted to 156 killed and 326 wounded. The number surrendered was a little more than 7000. This event created the utmost enthusiasm among the patriot troops, and assured them that they were near the end of their protracted struggle for independence.

THE HARVARD MONUMENT.

In the year 1637 there landed upon the shores of New England a devout clergyman, "one Mr. Harvard, a godly gentleman and lover of learning." Little is known of his life, or of his career as a preacher; and no work of his authorship has come down to us. He settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, where he labored at his calling for a short time, and died of consumption scarcely two years after his arrival. He brought over from England a small collection of books, which, with a moiety of his fortune, amounting to £800, he bequeathed to a school at Newtowne, now Cambridge. The following year this school was incorporated, and received the title of Harvard College.

The traveler going from Boston eastward by the Boston and Maine Railroad may plainly discern upon his right, across a small sheet of water forming a small bay in the river Charles, crowded down to the water's edge, within a stone's-throw of the northern wall which surrounds the State Prison, and almost under the shadow of that massy shaft which towers majestically over Bunker Hill, a small and unpretending cemetery, now somewhat hidden among the green foliage of its trees and shrubbery. In earlier days it was probably retired in its situation, but as the population of the town increased the dwellings of the inhabitants approached nearer and nearer, until they hemmed it entirely in except upon the water side.



THE HARVARD MONUMENT.—[Photographed by G. W. Venner, Charlestown, Massachusetts.]

The cemetery is now apparently but little used, and save now and then some wandering visitors, like ourselves a day or two ago, few persons are ever seen within its walls. The approach to it is along a narrow street, or rather court, since the entrance gate bounds the end of the passage. The houses of the immediate vicinity are somewhat dingy, of the humbler and lowly class, and noisy, bareheaded, barefooted urchins shout and play up and down the court, or before the iron gateway.

Procuring the key of the grating, we enter the ancient burying-ground. There is an absence of the usual white marble monuments and gravestones which now so generally mark the resting-places of the dead; and the monumental slabs, being mostly of a dark, dull, grayish hue, give rather a sombre aspect to the place. The whole cemetery is overrun with long, tangled grass and weeds, with no trim borders, no clinging vines or flowering plants, tended by the hand of love and friendship. Long ranges of tombs are built into the rising ground, and line the sides of its base, mostly with brick fronts, and all wearing a neglected and dilapidated appearance. Some of the fronts are bulging outward, and some only seem to need the displacement of a brick to cause the whole wall to tumble. There are but few paths, and some of them are hardly traceable under the rank herbage.

No dates upon the tombstones are very recent, and many date far back to the early colonial days. Here one may read the familiar names of Bunker and Breed, which are interwoven in the history of the first struggles of the Revolution on the adjacent hills. We noticed one small, weather-beaten stone bearing this inscription in plain and well-cut letters:

Here lies ye Body of
Faithfvl Rowse,
Aged 75 years.
Died May ye 18th, 1664.

The centre of the ground rises in a gentle hillock, and upon the summit of the mound stands a plain shaft of granite, which is the principal monument of the cemetery. Upon one side of that simple obelisk is chiseled the revered and honored name,

HARVARD.

The monument is of Quincy granite, fifteen feet in height, four feet square at the foot, resting upon its foundation without a pedestal or base, and is inclosed with a plain iron fence. The name in large letters is in high relief, said to have been the first attempt of the kind in granite. Two inscriptions, one in Latin and one in English, are cut in tablets of white marble set into the stone.

Upon that burial hill for nearly one hundred and forty years after his death the grave of the good John Harvard remained unmolested and undisturbed. Then the waves of the Revolution rolled over the land, and even this quiet abode of death did not escape being disturbed by the rude turmoils of war. Its simple memorial stones were thrown down, broken, or sacrilegiously appropriated for other uses, and among them the stone which marked John Harvard's hallowed dust was lost. On the 26th of September, 1828, upon the one hundred and ninetieth anniversary of his death, the present monument, with its appropriate inscriptions, was erected, with simple and impressive ceremonies, by the officers and students of the college at that time, and numerous graduates, one of whom, the Hon. Edward Everett, delivered the address upon the occasion.

Nearly two and a half centuries have now passed since the dying gift of the Rev. John Harvard, "minister of God's word," was received, and his wishes carried into execution. Behold then and now! The little library of three hundred and twenty volumes has multiplied into more than one hundred and fifty thousand, while the modest sum of eight hundred pounds has increased a thousand-fold. There, almost within sight of each other, stand the two monuments which perpetuate his name and memory. One stands amidst the silent habitations of the dead, where now and then the curious visitor steps with softened tread, tarries a passing hour to read the brief records of those whose ashes rest below, then turns away with calmed and sobered thought. The other stands a living and ever-increasing good to all who linger within its pleasant precincts, and, as the years roll on, still multiplying its blessings and its usefulness.

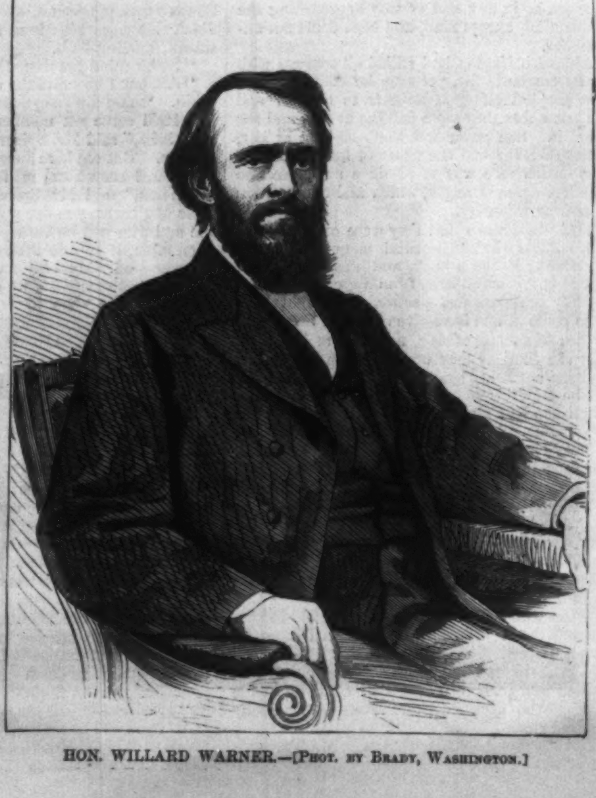
THE ALABAMA SENATORS.

We give on this page portraits of Generals George E. Spencer and Willard Warner, Senators from the State of Alabama.

General Willard Warner was born in Granville, Ohio, in 1826. He graduated at Marietta College in 1845, and subsequently went to California, where he remained until 1852; during his stay there he assisted in the organization of the State Government. Upon his return to Ohio he built the Newark Machine Shops, said to be the most excellent west of the Alleghany Mountains. He remained in charge of these shops until the beginning of the civil war, when he took an active part in the raising of men and material for the use of the Government. He became Major of the Seventy-fifth Ohio Infantry, and soon afterward was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and, by the request of General Sherman, was assigned to that officer's staff. Before the close of the Atlanta campaign he was promoted to the Colonelship of the One Hundred and Eightieth Ohio, and in that capacity served under Thomas at Nashville, and Schofield in North Carolina. He was elected to the Ohio Senate in 1865, serving two years. In the spring of 1867 he settled in Alabama, having been for the two years previous engaged in planting near Montgomery. He was elected from Alabama to the United States Senate in July, 1868, for the short term. He is a man of marked ability and of undoubted integrity.

General George E. Spencer was born in Jefferson County, New York, November 1, 1836. He left New York in 1855 for the West and South. When the war broke out he was appointed Adjutant-General to General Dodge. In 1862 he organized the First Alabama Cavalry, in command of which he served throughout the

HON. GEORGE E. SPENCER.—[Phot. by Brady, Washington.]



HON. WILLARD WARNER.—[Phot. by Brady, Washington.]

war. His services in this connection were remarkably brilliant and valuable. Our readers probably well remember his charge at White Pond Run, where with his single regiment he attacked and routed five regiments of rebel cavalry, capturing their colors, and pursuing them for eight miles.

As in the cases of Senators WARNER and SPENCER, the men who are now appointed to responsible positions in the South are, as a rule, men distinguished for their fidelity to the Union.

NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

AFTER the question of a new City Hall for the accommodation of the municipal offices of the city of Baltimore had been agitated for some years, the City Council, in 1863, issued a call to architects for the submission of plans for the proposed edifice. Quite a number responded, and from them was selected, for its peculiar fitness and completeness of arrangement, as well as elegance, the design of Mr. GEORGE A. FREDERICK, Architect, the view of which, taken from his drawings, is shown in our illustration.

The ground which the building will occupy lies directly in the centre of the city and in the business portion thereof, and for location and suitability could not be surpassed. It is directly opposite the new United States Court-house—a handsome building erected within the last few years—and within a short distance of the Post-office, the Custom-house, the Courts, and other public buildings. The square occupied is bounded respectively by North, Holliday, Lexington, and Fayette streets, and embraces an area of 45,936 square feet, of which the building will occupy 25,900 square feet.

The style of the architecture adopted is the Renaissance, which, by not being confined with undeviating strictness to ancient classic art, is peculiarly well adapted to a building of this description.

The foundations are very massive. A course of concrete or beton is first laid down, three feet six inches deep and seven feet wide, and then rammed. This beton is composed of broken stone and hydraulic cement in courses of nine inches. A course of blue stone flags seven feet wide is laid upon this. Upon this foundation the walls begin. They are five feet wide at the bottom, but gradually diminish to three feet at the top. The building being square, there are four exterior fronts. Smooth white marble, obtained from the Baltimore County quarries, will be used to face these fronts, which will be relieved by projecting columns, pilasters, cornices, balustrades, and arches to the windows. The main body of the building will be four stories high, and will be surmounted by an iron dome, which is to contain a large clock and alarm-bell. The dome will be surmounted by an immense lantern, and will rise

EBENEZER D. BASSETT, COLORED MINISTER TO HAYTI.
PHOT. BY J. W. HURN, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

131 feet above the roof, the total height of the summit of the dome from the ground being 227 feet.

The Board of Health, Fire, Telegraph, Police, and Water departments will occupy the ground-floor. Here will also be located several inspectors' rooms and some apartments which can be rented out for offices, and which would yield a large revenue to the city, as they would be very eligible business locations. The Council chambers and Committee-rooms entirely occupy the second story. The design of the City Hall is beautiful and pleasing, and for elegance can scarcely be surpassed. When completed it will be the finest municipal structure in the United States.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

THE imitations of this perfume convey but a faint idea of the exquisite delicacy of the genuine oil, the high price of which, combined with its pungency, rendering it an object of general and easy adulteration. Even at Ghazipoor, in British India, where it is very extensively manufactured, the pure attar can not readily be obtained, the temptation to fraud being greater than the cupidity of the needy Ryot can withstand.

A field of ripe wheat waving in the sunlight, a plantation of opening cotton pods, and an expanse of flowering poppies are all lovely sights, but not to be compared with the rose fields of Ghazipoor; there roses are not cultivated in patches, but by acres, and these counted by hundreds and thousands; far as the eye can reach there are roses, and nothing but roses, the surrounding atmosphere being saturated with the charming odor.

When full blown the roses are carefully gathered, the petals stripped off and thrown into a trough, in which they are bruised under a heavy stone, something after the fashion of an ancient cider-press, until a pulpy mass is formed, which is then distributed in small quantities into numerous shallow earthenware dishes, and water sufficient to cover it poured on. These dishes are then placed in a well-shaded spot, from whence the rays of the sun are excluded, and carefully watched for a fine film of oil which appears on the surface of the water; this, being removed by very delicate manipulation, is the genuine attar, to produce an ounce of which the petals of 400,000 roses are required; so volatile is its nature that the slightest increase of temperature would dissipate the fruits of a season's labor, for the water from which the oil is taken can only be sold as second quality rose-water, the first quality containing all the essential oil of the flowers.

The price of the attar varies with the extent of the rose crop; in Calcutta it ranges from $60 to $100 per ounce, but that high figure will not certainly command the pure article, for the cultivators very skillfully adulterate the oil before selling it, by an admixture of sandal-wood oil and rosolio—an oil obtained from the grass of the teak jungles of Western Hindostan.

The natives of Southern India use much of the produce of Ghazipoor in anointing their hideous gods, and on certain festival days, when the images are paraded through the streets, the atmosphere is rendered heavy and almost sickening by the powerful odor permeating from Vishnu and his attendant priests.

Apropos of the strength of the genuine attar, an anecdote occurs to the writer which may be of interest to the readers of this journal:

An attaché of the English Embassy at Constantinople was conveying dispatches from the legation to the Foreign Office in London, when one evening, just after he had crossed the Turkish frontier, his carriage was attacked by a band of robbers who, without maltreating him, pillaged his baggage. The horses having run off when the traces were cut, Mr. K—— was compelled to return on foot to the town which he had left an hour before. Late as it was the

THE NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

young diplomat sought and obtained an interview with the Pacha, a renegade Frenchman, who listened with attentive politeness to a recital of his misfortune, in the course of which Mr. K—— mentioned that in the scramble for plunder the robbers had managed to break a pint bottle of attar which he was carrying under the magic seal of the F. O. to some high personage in England. "A pint of attar! Holy Prophet!" exclaimed the Pacha, "it is enough to perfume the whole vile town." His own exclamation appeared to have originated an idea in the official mind, for he assured Mr. K—— that if the robbers were in his Pachalic they should be discovered and punished. With this assurance Mr. K—— was fain to rest content, and accept the hospitality of the Turkish Governor for the night.

At sunrise on the following morning he was roused by a summons from the Pacha to attend a military parade of the entire garrison, which, to the number of some thousands, was already assembled on the Maidan outside the walls of the town.

The Pacha walked slowly through the ranks of the soldiery, every now and then stopping to pick out a man, whom he consigned to the care of his escort; in this manner he selected about a dozen, and sent them to Mr. K—— to see if he could identify them as the robbers, but the Englishman could not say whether any one of them was of the number of his plunderers.

"I *know* these are the men," said the Pacha, "and I will prove it." He ordered the bastinado to be applied until they should confess where the booty was concealed. Before three blows had been struck they were all yelling out the desired information.

The Pacha was greatly elated at the result of his inspection, privately confessing to Mr. K—— that having a peculiarly sensitive organ of smell, and, moreover, being passionately fond of attar, he had easily detected the robbers by the odor which hung around their otherwise foul persons, from contact with the articles saturated with the contents of the broken bottle. He had had suspicions about his soldiers, and when the attar was mentioned by Mr. K—— he at once saw how his suspicions might be set at rest.

The stolen property was recovered, and "if a royal personage in England had lost a pint of attar," the Pacha said, in parting, "it had cost the Sultan twelve soldiers."

Mr. K—— realized the price paid when, driving again from the gates, he saw twelve dead bodies hanging like scarecrows against the wall.

ODD MONSTERS.

It is as good as a nightmare to look at the pictures in Schenck's "History of Monsters," a little quarto book of memorable human deformities, published two hundred and sixty years ago. The author was one of the best physicians of his time, a voluminous writer who has left us a thick, closely-printed folio of the most interesting cases he had met with in medicine and surgery, monsters included; but the monsters have also a little volume to themselves. We start with a child all body and no head, but having windows in its breasts, for there were its eyes. Then comes the son of a tailor of Mecklenburg, who had what seemed to be the faint suggestion of a face wrapped round with a great Turkish night-cap. As there seemed to be a face under a plastic mask, the mask was removed, and below was revealed a horribly great mouth which began to roar without a tongue, and eyes without pupils, behind which fire seemed to shine; there was no brain, and there were no bones to the skull, but the upper part of the head was twisted up like a tall turban. The right hand of this child was always open, the left always doubled into a fist. Doctor Schenck gives an edifying picture, after the manner of a modern Valentine, showing the child's head as it appeared before the mask was lifted. You may lift the mask here for yourself, and see what you shall see—not a Cupid. It is hardly worth while to mention children with cats' heads; or with horns, and a broad mouth like a whale's, or a young shark before its teething; or with pigtails actually growing from their necks. That latter form must, in the days of periwig, have been looked upon as a laudable effort on the part of nature to keep pace with the fashions. One child had a goose's back and wings, another a frog's head, another large erect hare's ears. A little fellow at Stettin was born with something like a tortoise-shell on the top of his head, and a white mouse's tail peeping out from under it. There was (was there?) a child born in Basle, in 1556, with such wide nostrils that his brain could be seen through them. But then another had no nose at all, nor eyes, nor ears, only a mouth, and the rest of the face blank; while another had so much room in his head that a full-sized arm grew out from where one of his ears should be. This monster had also no elbows or knees.

From the commentaries of Sigibert we are told of the child born at Emmaus in the reign of Emperor Theodosius, single below the chest (or rather chests), with four arms, and two heads. The two heads were not better than one, for they were differently affected; one might be crying while the other laughed, one feeding, the other sleeping; sometimes they quarreled, and there was a fight of the two pairs of arms. This child is said to have lived two years, one part dying four days before the other, which was killed by the decay of its inseparable neighbor. Cardan tells us of a Milanese girl with two heads, in all other respects single, except that she was found after death to have two stomachs. It would not have been bigamy to marry her, although in fairness she would be entitled to a husband with two heads; not the creature figured by the side of her with two monkey heads, monkey legs, and a fox's brush, but possibly the sage two-headed philosopher figured below her, one of whose heads looks very much startled at what his other head is whispering into its ear. There are gentlemen living who would find it a great convenience, and whose friends would find it a great convenience, if they could indulge in this manner their taste for conversation, and yet keep their conversation to themselves. Among the two-headed women was one in Bavaria, aged twenty-six, of whose two faces one was pretty the other ugly. In the time of Francis the First of France there was a man with two heads, whose second head grew out of the trunk of his body, and was carried under his waistcoat. This head had a secret hunger of its own that no food taken by the visible mouth would satisfy.

Ancestors of Miss Biffin we can more literally believe in. A man of forty lived in Paris not long before Doctor Schenck made his collection of cases, who, being without arms, could grasp an axe with his shoulders, neck, and chin, and throw it as far as his neighbors, or in the same way hold and crack a whip with the best of them. Although he had no hands to keep from picking and stealing, he was eventually condemned for theft, and broken on the wheel. He used his toes, it is said, for eating and drinking. Dion tells that one of the gifts sent to Augustus from the Indians was a youth without arms, who used his feet skillfully in shooting with the bow. Schenck himself saw an armless woman doing needle-work with her feet, and Cardan saw an armless man throw a spear, stitch a garment, eat, drink, write, and thread a needle. Two youths with the same defect played cards (but not together), one using his feet, the other his mouth and chin. An armless woman at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1556 not only painted letters elegantly with her feet, but made with her toes very ingenious toys.

A famous armless humpback was Thomas Schweicker, a Suabian, born in 1545, whose portrait we have at the age of fifty-three. He was the Biffin of Schenck's time, in highest repute for handwriting—or, shouldn't we say, footwriting?—with his toes, and for the elegant designs which he drew round specimens of his penmanship. He excelled also in arithmetic and chess-playing, architectural carvings, delicate cutting out, book-binding, cross-bow shooting. He cut for himself his slices of bread with his feet, carried food and drink to his mouth, and with his feet also mended his own pens when he wrote. A hundred years earlier there had been a man living to old age, under the care of his landlord, who had learned to be very helpful to himself, though he had no right hand, three fingers joined together for a left hand, and no toes upon his feet. He learned to write well, and do many things with his misshapen and imperfect left hand.

From the people without feet we pass to the records of joint births like that of the Siamese Twins. Some have been joined by the neck, some by the forehead, some by the chest, some by the back; there are plenty of all kinds. The most interesting of these was a man of adult years, who, in 1519, showed himself in Switzerland with another and smaller body hanging from his breast, alive and complete in all parts from the neck downward; but the head, if there was any, seemed to be contained within his chest. He bared his chest and displayed what seemed to be a living child which had forced its head through it. The rest of Doctor Schenck's collection we will leave to the imagination of any one who, having brought himself into a state of temporary lunacy, will confine himself for six weeks to a diet of pork-chops. For, after winding up the catalogue of human monsters, with a creature very like a libeled and caricatured harpy, he gives his mind to the monstrosities of brutes.

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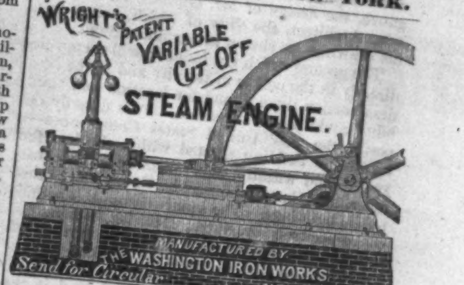

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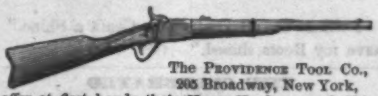

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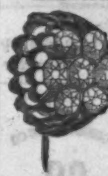

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